THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 62. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1883. $3.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 47.

AN UNCHANGED HEART.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Her last words at parting how can I forget?
Deep treasured through life in my heart shall they stay;
Like music, whose charm in the soul lingers yet,
When its sounds from the ear have long melted away.
Let fortune assail me—her threat'nings are vain:
These still-lov'ring words shall my talisman be—
"Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
There's one heart, unchanged, that beats but for thee."

From the desert's sweet well though the pilgrim must hie,
Never more of that fresh-springing fountain to taste,
He hath still of its bright drops a treasured supply,
Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through the waste:
So dark as my fate is still doom'd to remain,
These words shall my well in the wilderness be—
"Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
There's one heart, unchanged, that beats but for thee."

A WOMAN'S SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MARKL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"BERTIE and his wife will be here next week, Mollie. He will write again to fix the day."

"Oh!"

Judging by the violent jerk with which Miss Treherne lifted the teapot from the tray, and the unnecessary violence with which she dashed the refreshing fluid into her cup, the information did not appear to afford her unmingled satisfaction.

"Dear me!"

Mrs. Treherne, who was not an observant woman, went on placidly stirring her tea.

"How funny it seems to think of Bertie as a married man! Why, it seems only the other day, Mollie, since you and he were little dots toddling about hand-in-hand! Well, Daisy will be a happy woman if there is any truth in the old proverb, 'that a good son makes a good husband,' for there could not be a better son or brother than Bertie is."

"'Was,' you mean, mamma!"—and Mollie's red lips tightened and her gray-blue eyes grew black and angry under her straight dark brows.

"It will be different now, I dare say. 'My son's my son till he gets him a wife,' you know."

"Oh, I don't see that! Of course the wife will be first in his thoughts; that is only natural," Mrs. Treherne answered in the placid voice that had such an irritating effect on her impetuous young daughter. "I am sure when I was married I should have been very hurt and indignant if your father had put one before me. Wait till you get a husband, Mollie. You will think the same; won't she Mr. Bernhart? You have put too much sugar in my tea, dear."

"I only put one lump; but you are so uncertain about your tea, mamma," Mollie rejoined, with an amount of irritation in her voice which the subject scarcely seemed to warrant.

"Sometimes you like half a dozen lumps and at others one is sufficient or too much. Pass your cup and I will give you some more tea."

"Allow me, Mrs Treherne;" and Stephen Bernhart, the Vicar of Aldrum, who was seated at the opposite side of the fireplace, came across the rug and took the cup from Mrs. Treherne's hand.

He was a tall soldierly-looking man, with a closely-cropped head and a thick moustache, which only partially concealed a mouth of unusual beauty and firmness.

He had a quick decisive way of speaking as of one used to command, and a trick of throwing back his head and looking straight with his clear dark eyes into the face of the person to whom he was speaking. In the opinion of most of the young ladies in Aldrum, Mr. Bernhart had mistaken his vocation when he entered the Church.

"He ought to have been a soldier," they used to say regretfully, as they watched him swinging up the aisle, or standing at the reading-desk and glancing round the congregation with his bright hawk eyes. "He is far too good for a parson."

This opinion Mollie Treherne outwardly laughed at, but inwardly endorsed. For Mollie was at once the Vicar's warmest friend and most severe critic.

He had only been presented to the living of Aldrum within the last nine months; and Mollie, who was from home the time of his first appearance, had heard so much about his good looks and clever sermons from some of her enthusiastic girl-friends that, being naturally of a sceptical turn of mind, she had been disposed to be critical and severe in her judgment.

But she was too true and honest herself not to recognize and appreciate truth and honesty in others, and they were soon firm friends.

And pretty Mollie to the Vicar was a source of never-failing interest and amusement.

He had been a College tutor for many years of his life, and was not fond of, or accustomed to, ladies' society; and he felt half annoyed sometimes to find with what eagerness he looked forward to the hour which once or twice a week he spent at the Hall—pleasant hours between the lights, when the time for morning callers had passed, and he was pretty sure of finding Mollie and her mother alone in the pretty drawing-room which always looked so comfortable and homelike, such a contrast to the prim drawing-room and the Vicarage. The Squire was rarely in the house in the afternoon, and, as Mrs. Treherne was apt indulge in a nap before commencing the fatigues of dressing for dinner, the task of entertaining the Vicar generally fell to Mollie's share.

She used to kneel on the rug before the fire with her deer-hound couched by her side, and amuse Mr. Bernhart with her frank opinions on things in general, his own sermons among the rest. To-day however the visit had not been quite so pleasant as usual.

Mollie, generally so bright and merry, was in an unmistakable bad humor; she sat behind the tea-tray, clicking her spoon against her saucer in a manner most irritating to the Vicar's nerves, and with a decidedly mutinous look about her pretty lips. She glanced up as Mr. Bernhart approached the table and colored impatiently as she met the amused questioning look in his bright eyes.

"What is the matter now? Why do you look at me so?" she said rather pettishly as she took the cup from his hand.

"Nay, that is what I have been longing to ask for the last hour," Mr. Bernhart answered, elevating his eyebrows slightly as he returned the cup to Mrs. Treherne. "What makes you so unusually disagreeable to-day?"

Mollie bit her lip viciously, and there was a flash of angry tears in her eyes as she turned her head from the Vicar's searching gaze.

"You wouldn't understand if I had to tell you," she said in a strained hard voice; "so I will lay the blame on the weather, as papa does when things go wrong. Just look outside! Snowing again, I declare! I don't think winter will ever come to an end this year!"

She rose from her seat and looked out of the window into the garden, where although it was nearly the middle of March, a cold wind was driving a shower of sleet and rain against the window.

It had been an unusually long hard winter.

The first snow had fallen early in November, and, until the end of February, the ground had scarcely been without its white covering for more than a few days at a time.

Even now little heaps still lay under the hedges and in sheltered places, and there was not a sign of coming spring on the bare trees and hedges.

"If that is all," said Mr. Bernhart cheerfully, "don't look at it!

"Turn your back on your troubles; take this chair and let the sight of that bright fire comfort you."

He pushed an easy-chair nearer the fire as he spoke, and Mollie, mollified in spite of herself by his cheerful voice and manner, obediently took the offered chair.

"Turn my back on my troubles! That is very different advice from what you gave yesterday in your sermon," she replied, with her bright smile.

"We were to look our troubles in the face you said then. Only cowards ran away from them."

"My sermon!

"Ah, I was not aware that had honored me by so much attention!" said the Vicar drily.

"Oh, but I assure you I did listen! I do sometimes," returned Miss Treherne, in her most patronizing manner, "when it isn't too stupid."

Stephen Bernhart stroked his moustache and looked meditatively at the fire before he answered.

"Do you know Miss Mollie, he began gravely, "you, more than any one else I know, have the knack of making me feel discontented with myself? Now yesterday for example, I was feeling pretty well satisfied with that sermon.

"I had spent much time and thought over it, and I flattered myself that it was an improvement on its predecessors. How long do you think this state of calm beautitude lasted?"

Molly laughed and shook her head.

"Not long, I hope, for the credit of your sense," she said saucily.

"It lasted," Mr. Bernhart went on quietly, "just till, at the end of one of my most eloquent paragraphs, I looked into your pew and saw you slumbering innocently and undisguisedly in your corner!"

Mollie's dimples peeped out bewitchingly but she bit her lip and tried to look repentant.

"I don't think I was really asleep, Mr. Bernhart—not downright, you know," she said deprecatingly.

"I dare say I did close my eyes; some people say they can concentrate their thoughts better on what the clergyman is saying when they shut their eyes, and so I thought I would try.

"But somehow, whenever I shut my eyes in church, I—go to sleep," Mollie went on ruefully, "whether I want to or not; but I did like the first part of your sermon very much, and I really think you have improved lately."

"I am so glad you think so," answered the Vicar, with an ironical bow.

At Oxford, where he had been a man of some note, he had been accustomed to be listened to with respectful attention, and knew that every word he said, simply because he said it carried weight and meaning to the minds of his hearers; and the outspoken criticisms and patronizing commendation of this little country girl could not fail to be amusing.

"I am sure it was a very nice sermon, Mollie," said Mrs. Treherne absently, looking up from the letter which she was still reading.

"We must have a dinner-party and a dance in honor of Bertie and his wife, I think.

"Theirs will be a short visit, I am afraid. They will be only three weeks or a month with us before they sail."

Mollie's eyebrows contracted till they formed a straight line across her brow, and a look of pain crept over her face at her mother's words.

"Only a month!" Mr. Bernhart exclaimed.

"This is a very short time. Is he obliged to go so soon?"

"Yes, he must be in Toronto by the middle of May.

"The new railway is to be commenced then, and Bertie being the chief engineer, must of course be on the spot," Mrs. Treherne said proudly.

"It is a splendid opening for him, dear boy!"

"Well, you will have an opportunity of making Mrs. Bertie's acquaintance, at all events," Mr. Bernhart replied. "You have not seen her yet, I believe?"

"No, it was such a hurried affair. Bertie first met her at Carlisle, where she was staying with some friends, and they were engaged in a very short time. She is an heiress, so it is a good match in that respect for Bertie; and he was always such an impetuous boy, that I was not at all surprised to hear the wedding was to take place so soon.

"But I do think"—and Mrs. Treherne drew herself up rather stiffly—"they have invited Mollie to be bridesmaid as well as this Miss Ryder, or whatever her name is. I was a little surprised at that."

The Vicar gave a quick look at Mollie's troubled face.

"Ah!

"And what is the bride like? You have a photograph, I suppose?"

"No, we haven't.

"Bertie says——

"But you shall hear the letter. Mollie, read it aloud."

There was a very sympathetic look on Stephen Bernhart's face as he leaned back in his chair and listened, while Mollie, in a voice scarcely so clear and sweet as usual, began to read—

"'I won't send you a photo of Daisy, mother dear, because they are all such vile caricatures that they might give you an unfavorable impression, and I would rather have you see her face as it really is. She is not very tall—not a bit dumpy, though—with dark eyes and hair, and the sweetest smile you ever saw on a woman's lips. And she is so gentle and lovable that you cannot fail to love her dearly.' Bah!" and Mollie threw down the letter impatiently. "Haven't you had enough, Mr. Bernhart, of those lovers' rhapsodies? Daisy too; such a senseless name, like a cow or a pony! Why can't he call her Margaret, I wonder?"

"I don't envy Daisy her sister-in-law, at all events," said the Vicar drily.

"I wonder how she will look in aunt Hilda's diamonds?" mused Mrs. Treherne, in her placid way.

"Mollie love, remind me to ask papa to let us have a peep at them after dinner. I have never seen them since Lady Hilda died, and they came from the bankers' yesterday, I know."

"Aunt Hilda's diamonds?" And Mr. Bernhart looked inquiringly at Mrs. Treherne.

"Yes—Lady Hilda Vane, an aunt of my husband's, left a lovely diamond locket, necklace, and bracelets to my eldest son's wife," Mrs. Treherne said, a little pink flush rising in her face.

"She did not like me, and, as she would not let the jewels go out of the family, she left them to Bertie's future wife; and they

have been at the bankers' ever since till yesterday."

"I don't envy Daisy her jewels, at all events," said Mollie rather suddenly.

"They are unlucky diamonds, Mr. Bernhart."

"Unlucky?

"How is that?"

"I cannot tell you exactly, only it is so," Mollie answered impressively. "They came into our family at the time of the Revolution.

"One of our ancestors, Mark Treherne, was a great favorite with Oliver Cromwell. He—Mark, I mean—was the only member of our family who was ever blest with more than an average amount of intellect; and, considering the use he made of it," Mollie went on quaintly, "we cannot be too thankful for the fact. Well, the story goes that he took these jewels from a poor Royalist lady as a bribe for her husband's life. They are lovely jewels—diamonds and opals."

"And was the bribe effectual? Did the husband escape?"

"No, he was beheaded; but Mark stuck to the diamonds all the same," Mollie answered, with a low laugh.

"And they have always brought ill-luck to the possessors ever since. There is papa riding up the avenue; he is very late today."

"Is he coming?"—and Mrs. Treherne rose from her seat and bustled out of the room. "I must tell him about Bertie's Letter. He will be so glad they are coming."

Stephen Bernhart looked searchingly at Mollie as the door closed, and his eyes softened as they rested on her pretty sad face.

She was leaning back in her chair with her hands clasped loosely on her knee, and the air of utter weariness and dejection in her attitude touched the Vicar's heart. It was something new and unusual to see a shadow on merry little Mollie's face.

He bent forward and touched her hand gently.

"Is that the reason, Mollie?" he asked significantly.

Mollie looked at him defiantly.

"Yes, that is the reason," she returned curtly.

"Oh, yes, I know all you are going to say! I know it is horribly selfish and mean; but I hate to think——"

She paused suddenly.

"Oh, what is the use? You would not understand; you don't know what Bertie was to me!"

"I know you have a very poor opinion of my capacities, the Vicar answered with a half smile, "and perhaps you are right in this case; I never had a brother, or sister, and so I dare say I can't exactly understand your feeling for Bertie."

"Bertie and I were not like most brothers and sisters!"

Mollie interrupted impatiently.

"He always used to come to me in all his scrapes; when most boys would have gone to their mothers he came to me, because poor mamma is—well rather helpless you know.

"I used to write his letters for him, and he told me all about his love-affairs and everything!

"And now all this is forgotten in a moment, and I am nothing in comparison with this Daisy or Margaret, or whatever her insane name may be.

"I know exactly the sort of woman she is," Mollie went on viciously; "one of those amiable imbecile people whom it is impossible to dislike and equally impossible to love."

Poor little Mollie!

The Vicar felt very sorry for the passionate impulsive little girl who was fighting so vainly against the first shadow that had fallen upon her cloudless life—very sorry, and yet half amused at the same time.

"I suppose it is always the way, Mollie," he said gently.

"I suppose there comes a moment in every man's life when he longs for a fuller, more perfect love than even a sister can give."

"Not to every man. It has never come to you, and you are years older than Bertie," Mollie interrupted.

"To me?

"No, perhaps not."

Mr. Bernhart paused for a moment before he spoke, and an odd eager light flashed for a moment in the dark eyes that rested upon Mollie's flushed face.

"But I am rather different from most men.

"I have lived so little in the world and so much among my books, that the inclination for marriage has never come to me. But Bertie is different."

"I am sure I can't see what people want to get married for at all!" grumbled Mollie. "It is nothing but trouble and bother! Bertie too, who had everything in the world he could possibly desire!"

"He did not think so you see," Bernhart said.

"Oh, Mollie, Mollie, I did not think you had so much selfishness in you! Yes"—as Mollie looked up indignantly—"that sounds hard, I dare say, but it is the truth all the same. You love Bertie very dearly, no doubt, but you love yourself a vast deal more!"

Mollie did not answer.

She sat looking at the fire, with a thoughtful perplexed expression on her face; and the Vicar, after a moment's silence went on.

"I don't often bother you with sermons except during my legitimate half hour on Sundays, do I?" he said, with a grave smile.

"And you would not listen to me, I dare say, if I did: but, as we are talking so seriously, just let me say one thing, and that is, there can be no true love without a degree of self-sacrifice.

"And the highest form of love seems to me to be that which is content to stand quietly aside and forget or make its own happiness subservient to the happiness of another.

"Mollie"—and the Vicar bent forward and looked searchingly into the girl's face—"the test has come to you now. Is your love strong enough to bear it?"

Still Mollie was silent.

There was a sharp conflict—the conflict between love and self raging in her heart just then.

She had been petted and spoiled all her life and now, as the Vicar said, the time had come when she must be content to stand aside and make own happiness subservient to the happiness of another, and to look on calmly while another, took her place.

The tears flushed into her eyes, and her lips quivered.

"Oh it is hard—you can't tell how hard! I care more for Bertie than for any one else in the whole world; and now I must give him up to her!" she said in a low whisper.

She rose from her seat as she spoke and walked to the window, while the Vicar watched her with sympathetic eyes.

"I wouldn't begin with detesting her, at all events," he said, after a long silence. "I would try to extend the love you bear to Bertie to Bertie's wife."

"Yes, I will try," Mollie responded in an odd soft voice.

There was a smile on her face as she turned from the window, and her eyes looked inexpressibly sweet and soft behind their veil of tears.

"I will try.

"Hush!

"Here is papa coming!"

She brushed the traces of tears hastily from her face as the Squire, still in his hunting costume, entered the room and greeted the Vicar heartily.

It did not take much persuasion to induce Stephen Bernhart to remain for dinner, though the Squire hardly found him such a good companion as usual when the ladies had taken their departure.

Mollie put her head in at the door by-and-by, and exclaimed at finding the men still sitting over their wine.

"Aren't you ready for your coffee, papa? Mamma and I are dying to see the diamonds," she said, putting her hand coaxingly on her father's arm.

"Do make haste."

Mr. Treherne rose from his seat obediently.

"You see what a tyrant she is, Bernhart! Come along"—in a half laughing, half grumbling voice.

The jewel-casket had been placed in an iron safe in the library, and Mollie and her mother stood by watching in impatient excitement, while the Squire unlocked the heavy door, and lifted the case on the marble table.

It was sometime before the key turned, for the lock was stiff; but when at last the Squire raised the lid, and the diamond necklace lay all its flashing beauty on the velvet cover, Molly gave an irrepressible cry of delight.

"Oh, how lovely! How beautiful! Look, Mr. Bernhart?

"Did you ever see anything so exquisite?" she exclaimed.

"Try it on," the Squire said.

And Mollie carefully lifted the necklace from its case and clasped it round her neck, where it lay sparkling and flashing among the soft lace.

"Now the earrings, and then you will be magnificent," observed the Vicar, smiling.

Indeed it was impossible to help admiring the pretty creature pluming herself in all her glittering finery before the glass.

Mollie's eyes rivalled the diamonds in brightness as she looked at herself.

"Fine feathers make fine birds," she said saucily.

"They are very beautiful jewels," Mr. Bernhart remarked, lifting the locket out of the case, "but I have no idea of the value of such things. How much are they worth, Squire?"

"Oh a great deal!

"About twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars, I should imagine," answered the Squire carelessly.

"Take care, Mollie."

The warning came to me in time. Mollie had not fastened the necklace very securely, and the Vicar sprang forward and caught it just as it was slipping from her neck.

"No harm done—I don't think the catch is very secure," he said closely examining the fastening of the ornament. "No it is quite loose."

"I must have it mended at once. I will send it up town to-morrow," the Squire replied.

"How fortunate you found it out!"

"I am going up to town to-morrow. I will take it with me if you like," the Vicar said.

"Will you?

"That will do capitally.

"I will send the whole set, I think; and have them all looked over. Lock them up, Mollie."

And Mollie with a sigh replaced the jewels in the case.

Stephen Bernhart walked home that evening in an unusually disturbed preoccupied mood, and Mollie would have been greatly surprised if she could have guessed at the conflicting emotions which were agitating his mind or of the important place which she held in his thoughts just then.

But only for a little while, for when he reached home he found waiting on his study-table a packet from the editor of a magazine to which he often contributed, containing the proofs of his new article on church reform.

He sat up late that night revising and correcting, and in the absorbing interest of the occupation Mollie was quite forgotten for a time.

CHAPTER II.

AT the window of a small house in Sloane Street a girl was seated watching listlessly the stream of carriages and people which from early morning had ceaselessly passed up and down the street. The London season had scarcely commenced, but to Margaret Ryder, who had lived most of her time in the country, the noise and bustle and the crowds of people seemed overwhelming.

"Life is a strange puzzle," the girl thought as she leant forward and watched the motley crowd—dainty ladies in their furs and laces riding along in their luxurious carriages, haggard careworn women offering matches for sale, ragged children begging for alms—the poverty and wealth that passed side by side, and thought of the great gulf that stretched between the two classes.

"Money!

"That is the great thing, the one thing needful in this world," she said bitterly to herself.

"What a difference a little money would make to me now—two thousand dollars! A sum that many of those people riding past would not hesitate to spend on a trinket or a whim!

"A trifle to them, and it would be—salvation to me!

"I wonder if it would be of any use to ask Daisy again?

"If I told her the reason why I wanted it she surely could not refuse!"

She looked across the room as she spoke, to the corner by the fire, where a girl apparently a little younger than herself lay reading on a couch.

It did not seem a very favorable opportunity for asking a favor, for the expression on Daisy's face was by no means an amiable one; and Margaret hesitated. Only for a moment however.

With a resolute look on her face she rose from her seat, crossed the room and knelt down on the rug by the couch. Daisy looked up with a pair of sleepy brown eyes and closed her book.

"Tired at last of staring at the people, Maggie?" she said, with a yawn.

"What a time Bertie is! I am sure he might have been back long ago if he had liked."

"He was obliged to go on business, you know, dear," Maggie answered absently.

"Business!"—and Mrs. Treherne's voice took an aggrieved tone. "Business isn't keeping him all this time, I know! How dull it is!

"And you are not a bit of company, Margaret; you have been as dull as ditch-water all the day."

Margaret smiled gravely.

"You used not to think so in the old days Daisy, when we were at home together."

"The old days! Oh, it was different then!" Daisy said contemptuously.

"Of course things are different when one is married.

"My husband must come first," said the three-weeks' bride in a tone of matronly dignity that at any other time would have touched Maggie's sense of humor, but she was too much in earnest now to be amused.

"I know dear, and I don't expect it," she answered quickly.

"Don't think I envy you your happiness, Daisy!

"I never did grudge you anything in the old days—and I fancy you always got the best of it even then—I never even grumbled when uncle died without altering his will, as he intended; and——"

"There, I know what you are going to say!"—and Daisy rose from her cushions with a flushed angry face.

"You think I ought to have divided the money with you—oh, it is of no use contradicting me, Maggie!"—as Margaret began a faint denial.

"That is what you mean. And it wasn't my fault if he left me everything; I was always his favorite."

"I know you were"—there was a struggle for calmness before Margaret answered—"and I have never grumbled, I never even said what I should have done in your place; but, Daisy"—and now the proud head was drooped. "Dear, I am in great trouble—I had bad news this morning."

"What about?"

Daisy's voice was not very pathetic, and she pulled her hand from Margaret's tight clasp.

Of all things in the world Daisy detested scenes, and she could not help fancying from Margaret's earnest manner that something unpleasant—some appeal to her sympathies, or some call upon her purse—was at hand.

She looked sharply at her cousin's agitated face.

"It is not anything about Ernest Everhill I hope?"

"Yes, it is—oh, Daisy, how did you guess? I had a letter from him this morning. He is in dreadful trouble dear," Margaret said, with difficulty keeping back her tears.

"He has—I can scarcely tell even you—he has been speculating with some money belonging to the bank, and unless he can raise two thousand dollars by the end of April he will be ruined and disgraced for life!"

"I am not a bit surprised!" Daisy answered in a sharp, decisive tone. "He will never do any good—never. I always said you were a fool to have anything to do with him!"

"Oh, Daisy, don't say so—don't be so hard!" Maggie cried piteously.

"You will help us, dear? You will lend him the money! I have never asked you for anything for myself; but I will go down upon my knees, and ask you this for Ernest.

"Daisy!"—Daisy had turned away with an impatient frown, and Margaret caught her hand passionately.

"For the sake of old times—when we were all children together—for the memory of the kindness which his father and mother showed to us—desolate little orphans that we were—when we stood sorely in need of kindness—help us!"

Daisy drew a deep breath of contempt and scorn.

She pulled her hand away and there was a curious smile on her face as she looked at her cousin.

"Give you two thousand dollars! Nearly half a year's income!

"You must be mad, Maggie," she said with cold contempt.

"I would not give you a cent for such a purpose."

"But, Daisy"—and there was a feverish earnestness in Maggie's pleading voice that would have touched any heart but one so utterly selfish as Daisy's—"I don't ask you to give it, only to lend it for a time. I promise that if I live I will repay it to you."

"Oh, Maggie, don't be so absurd!"—and Daisy laughted contemptuously. "As if I I should be so silly. Once for all, I decline distinctly to have anything to do with Ernest's affairs."

"You decline?"—and there was a flush of scorn and anger in Margaret's eyes.

"Suppose I make you give it up to me, Daisy. I could if I liked—if Bertie knew——"

"Bertie will do as I tell him; it is my money not his."

Daisy walked across the room as she finished her sentence, and looked at herself critically in the long glass which hung between the windows.

Was it the yellow sunset which was pouring in at the windows or some defect in the mirror which gave that ghastly greenish hue to her complexion? she wondered. It was very unbecoming at all events. London air was certainly stealing away her roses.

She should be quite glad to go down to Aldrum and get some fresh air and her rosy cheeks back again.

Margaret's hand laid on her shoulder and the reflection of Margaret's pale face in the glass startled her by-and-by, and she turned pettishly.

"Now, Maggie, what is it?" she asked; but Maggie's eyes looked down so searchingly into her face that her color rose and her eyes fell.

"I am going to make one last appeal, Daisy," Maggie answered slowly, but with an intense anxiety in her voice. "Won't you help us?

"Remember—it is the first time I ever said it—the money by right is as much mine as yours.

"If uncle had lived half an hour longer, we should have fared exactly alike; but I don't care for that. Only give me this two thousand, and I will never trouble you again."

For a moment Daisy stood irresolute.

Strive though she might against it, she could not prevent the memory of old days rushing back again—the happy innocent days of childhood, when she and Maggie and Ernest Everhill—the vicar's son—used to play together in the pretty old-fashioned garden.

She had been the youngest of the three, the little one whom they had all petted and indulged; whom Ernest, a big boy six or seven years older, used to carry in his arms.

Selfish as she was, Daisy was not quite old or hardened enough to have forgotten all these pleasant records of her childhood, and the face softened a little. Margaret was watching her anxiously and her hopes rose again.

"Darling, you will help us? I knew you would," she exclaimed gladly.

But even as she spoke the softened look faded away, and the old sullen obstinate expression, against which Margaret knew from sad experience it was useless to contend, crept over Daisy's face.

"No, I won't," she said shortly; "and you ought not to ask it, Maggie."

A long silence followed.

Daisy stood by the window playing with her watch-chain, and casting furtive glances at the tall figure on the hearth.

Maggie stood with her hands clasped tightly together and her sad eyes fixed upon the fire, thinking silently; and Daisy felt her conscience prick her a little at the sight of that haggard anxious face. But she would not give in for all that.

As she stood by the window the door opened and then, a young man entered the room.

Daisy turned round at the sound, and ran with a cry of pleasure to welcome the newcomer.

"Bertie, what a time you have been! I thought you were never coming back," she cried, as her husband took her in his arms, and kissed her affectionately.

He was a tall fine-looking young man, with a look of Mollie about his eyes and mouth, and his voice he spoke sounded like a deeper echo of Mollie's sweet clear tones.

"I am sorry, my pet, but I could not get away any sooner," he said in a rather disturbed tone. "And I have some unpleasant news for you. I am off to Spain to-morrow."

"To Spain!

"Whatever for?"

"Our firm is making a railway out there, and the chief engineer has had an accident

so I am obliged to take his place for a little while," Bertie explained. "I am so sorry, for you will have to go down to Aldrum alone my pet; and you won't like that I know."

"Alone?"—and the expression of Daisy's face was almost tragic in its despair and alarm.

"Go there alone!

"To have your mother criticising me and Mollie picking fun out of me—all by myself.

"Not for anything in the whole world, Bertie!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Night's Watch.

BY FRANK Q. SMITH.

"OH DEAR!" syllabled a silvery voice, with soft emphasis, "I wish something would happen!"

It was dull at the Tamaracks, the great house and wide acres of grassland belonging to Phebe's grandfather, old Squire Rane.

Thrifty Jinny would set the house in order by nine o'clock, and retire to her bedroom adjoining the kitchen to braid straw, after which there would be no sound on the premises for hours.

The mid-day lunch would be eaten as in a dream, supper appear by enchantment.

So, without bustle or life, were the quiet days at the Tamaracks.

The squire was old, and did not like a noise, and old Jinny was used to his ways. It seemed to eighteen-year-old Phebe sometimes that the rust of this life was eating into her very soul.

She had come from New York an orphan two years before, and because her grandfather graciously gave her a home, had earnestly sought to adapt herself to the ways of the house.

Yet but for the garden she would have died.

The garden was beautiful, with its flowering shrubbery, and vines of rose, woodbine, and trumpet-flower.

The beds she could do as she chose with, so the squire said.

So she had bordered them with pinks, and set them full of verbenas and geraniums.

She had a triangle of heart's-ease, and a circle of violets, and there was a little arbor—covered with blue wisteria, wherein she sat to sew, and wherein she had made her grandfather a whole set of fine shirts.

But the shirts were done, the geraniums and heart's-ease cultivated to the last degree of perfection, and the August days began to seem interminable to Phebe.

She put the yellow old sitting-room in order, and then sat down idly in it until she was almost crazy.

She went to walk along the roads, and believed she could hear the trees growing in the stillness.

She read the entire volume of Watts' hymns, and wrote letters to all her old school-friends.

Then it seemed as if something must happen, or she should commit some desperate act.

Pretty little Phebe!

She looked as forlorn as she felt, sitting in a corner of a big, high-backed, yellow damask armchair, her slender, slippered feet on a quaint, round foot-stool, her piquant face in the shadow of her fair, rippling hair—all in "love-locks"—her cherry mouth drooped at the corners.

And the weather was bad enough to be to blame for half of it—brazen hot days, a fortnight of them, with not a drop of rain.

No wonder our little maid was nerveless and sad.

But while pretty Phebe sat adroop in the big yellow armchair, there was a change in the sky.

A troop of dark clouds came sailing up from the west, and a restless wind began to stir the woodbine about the casement.

Phebe lifted herself with a brighter look, as the drops began to patter down—the drops of a hurrying shower.

It began to pelt the garden with a good will, while the thunder rolled ominously, and the lightning's "tremulous skeins" grew broader, until its glare filled the yellow sitting-room painfully from time to time.

But Phebe was not nervous or timid, borrowed no trouble or fear, and finally the tumult of the shower abated.

The woodbine, bright, green, and glowing again, seemed trying to shake a little murmur of thankfulness from among its multitude of leaves, while there floated up such an incense from the garden, that a look of pleasure dawned in Phebe's eyes, bringing back their blue.

Suddenly on the wide hall stairs, was heard the tramp, tramp of heavy feet, and, as the young girl started up in surprise, two men entered, and laid a lifeless form at her feet.

Something had happened with a vengeance.

The two laborers who had borne this burden stepped back silently.

Squire Rane's field hands, though ignorant enough, were not without feeling, and the calm white face, without life or motion, save for the pleasant breeze stirring the ebon curls on the white forehead, was sad enough.

"He's young, isn't he?" whispered one of the men at last; "but I guess he's done for fast enough.

"Here comes the squire."

Phebe, in her involuntary terror, had been listening to her grandfather's slow, feeble step upon the stairs.

She ran to him.

"What, you here, child? Run and call old Jinny.

"Strip him, men, and rub him—both of you.

"There's life in him yet.

"Phebe, send Dick like wildfire after the doctor!"

So the old man, who had been a very smart man in his day, set the servants at work upon the stranger.

But in vain they essayed to restore life to that motionless form.

The doctor came and shook his head. All was over, he said.

Dr. Henry Richmond, nine-and-twenty years of age, resident physician of a neighboring town, had too surely met his death by his horse, terrified at the lightning, precipitating his carriage over a bank into the bed of the river, which, in the summer heats, had run dry.

A dangerous spot, against which the villagers took the late precaution to place a strong railing.

But this availed little to the silent man, lying, without comment or complaint, in the best chamber at the Tamaracks.

Phebe trembled like a leaf all day, nor could be induced to touch a mouthful of food.

"Lor', child," said old Jinny, "don't take it so hard!

"Death must come to all of us, an' very likely the young man was prepared. He has a noble-lookin' countenance. Heaven help his mother, if he has one," finished Jinny, with a sigh, for she had lost her only son, and she a widow, not many years before.

Jinny hung up the broom and turned her sleeves down over her hard-worked hands.

"Now the question is, who is going to sit up to-night, for his folks can't be got here till morning.

"Dick's gone over to Lowbridge to carry the news.

"The hands are all tuckered out with the extra work, this powerful hot weather, your grandfather's done-up with the excitement—an' well he may be at eighty years old—an' I'm too old to lose my sleep. There's nobody but you, an' you——"

"I will sit up, Jinny.

"I am not afraid?"

No, she was not.

That she should ever sleep again seemed impossible to her, and she was averse to attempting it.

It would be torture to lie, painfully wide awake, upon her pillow, and she did not need rest.

Her grandfathers's room and Jinny's were upon either side of the chamber where Doctor Richmond lay, and indeed there was nothing that was aught but prepossessing in that quiet face.

"He never knew what hurt him," she heard the men whisper among themselves, as some one remarked the composure of the dead man's countenance.

It was an unusual circumstance, truly, but so it was that this young girl sat up all night in the death-chamber.

All the doors were opened upon that floor on account of the heat, and "that Phebe might not feel lonely," as Jinny said.

The chamber was large and cool, with lights and flowers.

The scent of the pinks and lavender was peculiarly refreshing to Phebe, and she thought would assist her to keep awake, if at last she felt inclined to sleep.

The great house-dog, Nero, came stalking up from his station upon the door-mat in the hall and laid down at her feet, as she sat by the little stand between the windows, trying to read.

She could not read very well, for she found that her head ached, and at last laid the book down.

At the opposite side of the chamber the dead man lay upon the bed.

There was nothing awful in his appearance, nor was he shrouded in the white sheet of death.

His face, with its calmly-closed eyes, was turned a little towards the wall, but Phebe could mark the pale perfection of the profile.

At twelve o'clock her grandfather called her to bring him some water.

She went, filled the glass, turned his hot pillow, for he complained of not feeling well, and returned to her post.

One—two!

How slowly the hours went by. Her head continued to ache.

She went to the basin, bathed her temples in cold water, and began to gently walk the floor, for at last she felt the heaviness of sleep oppress her.

She stooped down at last by the bedside, and bending a moment over the still face, wondered at death so like happy sleep, and involuntarily, with a thought she hardly realized, put her hand upon the pale brow.

No icy touch shocked her.

"The heat of the weather prevented that dreadful chill, I suppose," said Phebe.

"What soft beautiful hair about his temples!

"I hope I shall look like that when I am dead!"

And then she went away with a sigh, and sat down wearily again by the table, where the book and flowers were.

The chair was a quaint, high-backed one, and as Phebe rested her head against its faded embroidery and turned her face to the open window, from whence seemed to come the fresh air of dawn, a spell she could not resist seized her.

Phebe fell asleep.

After a long, silent hour or more, she woke with a start.

She sprang to her feet, and well she might stand petrified, with her gaze upon the bed, for the face upon the pillow was in profile no longer, but turned full upon her, with wide, brown eyes,

"My little guardian angel, don't be frightened.

"I am only better."

A voice as gentle as the face was Doctor Richmond's.

Phebe was not frightened, but after a moment slowly approached the bed.

"What—how—do you want anything?" she asked.

"Some water."

With a beating heart she brought it, and, after an instant's hesitation, as if he were not sure of the use of his arms, Doctor Richmond drank it.

"I have known everything," he said, "but I could not speak or move."

"How dreadful!" involuntarily.

"It was not at all dreadful.

"I knew when you came here with your flowers.

"I could smell the pinks. I tried hard and found I was gaining a little—very slowly, but a little.

"It was hours after I could stir a finger before I could turn my head.

"The magnetism of your hand upon my forehead seemed to help me. I was afraid you would go away.

"Will you let me take your hand for a few moments?"

"I seem to need strength," he said, with a sigh.

Phebe sat with her hand clasped in her patient's for a long hour before he gave her permission to call some one. It was growing morning.

He was in a strange state—could talk well, and his mind was perfectly clear, but for several days could not stand when placed upon his feet.

Doctors came from far and near.

But he recovered, in spite of all their croakings.

His will, with the help of a little time, conquered the weakness which they declared paralysis.

* * * * * * *

A year later.

A cheerful company in the yellow sitting room.

The contrast of two figures—a fair and dark one—both handsome, which, side by side, seem to draw all eyes.

The room is full of the scent of orange-blossoms.

The white-haired clergyman's carriage is at the gate.

The reader will guess what happened next.

But I may do myself the pleasure of telling you—the happy marriage of Doctor Henry Richmond and sweet Phebe Rane, or as he fondly calls her, his "precious little guardian angel."

STARTING A FASHION.—Miss Eglintoune Maxwell, of Monteith, afterwards Lady Wallace—a sister of the Duchess of Gordon—was famed as a leader of fashion. One day the young lady's family were all ready to start for the races at Leith, and only waited for her. Miss Eglintoune was waiting for a head dress, which she was expecting her milliner to bring every moment.

Now it so happened that the milliner, in bringing the head-dress along the street, had suffered it to get entangled in the trappings of a heavily laden porter whom she met; and, as he supposed, it had become entirely ruined. However, she was so near to her customer's house that she resolved to go on and see what could be done. The fun-loving, volatile young lady, when she saw the torn dress, and heard the milliner's doleful story, caught it in her hand, ran to the mirror, and proceeded to put it on, torn as it was, only arranging it upon her head in such a way as to conceal the ragged parts. Then she laughed at the poor milliner's fears, and ran down to the carriage and announced that she was ready.

At Leith, Miss Maxwell was the observed of all observers; but, particularly, the ladies were charmed with her head-dress. "Oh, so unique!" "So charming!" "Such a love of a thing!" "So odd, and yet so airy and careless!" "Dear Miss Eglintoune, where ever did you get it?" And she told them the name of the milliner who had made it.

Before the week was ended the milliner was completely overwhelmed with orders for just such caps; and it was said, that before she could exactly reproduce it, she was obliged to make it as she had originally done, and then tear it upon a nail driven into the counter for that purpose.

ANIMAL MIMICRY.—As to mimicry the giraffe has the most astonishing power of any animal. Inhabiting as it does the forests of Africa, and feeding upon the boughs of trees, its great size makes it a most conspicuous object. Its most dreadful enemies are the stealthy lion and man. In the regions it most frequents are many dead and blasted trunks of trees, and its mimicry is such that the most practiced eye has failed to distinguish a giraffe from a tree trunk or a tree trunk from a giraffe. It has even been said that a lion has looked long and ernestly at a giraffe, in doubt whether it was a tree or not, and then skulked away.

THE PLOW.—It will be found that a two-horse steel plow that cuts a width of twice the distance of a one-horse plow, breaking three acres a day to the one acre of the one-horse plow, saves the farmer the labor of two men each day the plow is at work. A good cultivator, that plows from seven to eight acres a day, does the work of two single plows, and saves the labor of one hand every day it is in use. The economy and perfection of the mower, reaper and horse-rake are too well known to require comment.

Bric-a-Brac.

LEARNED BLACKSMITH.—A name sometimes applied to Elihu Burritt (b. 1811), who began life as a blacksmith, and afterwards distinguished himself as a linguist.

THE IVY.—The ivy, in Christian art, is the symbol of everlasting life, from its remaining continually green. An ivy-wreath was the prize for the Isthmian games, till it was superseded by a pine-garland. The plant was sacred to Bacchus and Osiris.

BURIED ALIVE.—A machinist in this State, as a protection against being buried alive, proposes placing a tin tube from the coffin to the earth's surface, the tube containing a red flag (so furled as not to stop the circulation of the air) which is connected to the hand of the corpse, the slightest movement liberating a spring and projecting the flag to view.

THE SOFA.—In Germany the sofa is the seat of honor, and to omit offering its privileges to an invited guest is to write oneself down as ignorant of the usages of polite society. But a gentleman may not sit upon the sofa; to sit there uninvited is very presumptuous; and to ask even an intimate acquaintance to place himself beside her on that sacred resting-place would be thought highly indecorous in a young lady.

WHISTLING.—A German writer relates how one day, after attempting in vain to get his dog to obey orders to come into the house, his wife tried to coax it by whistling, when suddenly interrupted by a servant who exclaimed in the most piteous accents, "If you please ma'am, don't whistle—every time a woman whistles, the heart of the blessed Virgin bleeds!" In some districts of North Germany the villagers say that if one whistles in the evening it makes the angels weep.

A GOOD IDEA.—The municipality of Paris had instituted a new small reform well worthy of imitation here. On one of their newest boulevards—that of St. Germain—each lamp-post is labelled in every case with the number of the house opposite which it stands. This number is inscribed on two enamel plates, which are fixed back to back just under the light, so as to be legible at night as well as by day to the passing drivers on the one side and to the pedestrians on the other.

TATTOOING IN BURMAH.—Tattooing is a fine art in Burmah. A lad does not consider himself a man till he has been tattooed from waist to knees with what looks like a pair of drawers embroidered blue with elephants, apes, and tigers. The operation is so painful that opium is usually taken to deaden the pain. The instrument is a steel point, split to hold the lampblack, this pricker being fitted in a weighted holder two feet long. Besides these figures done for decoration, charm figures and magic squares are pricked in for love-charms, or to preserve from snake-bite or drowning.

BIG HOUSEKEEPING.—The imperial household of China is probably unsurpassed in extent, there being married to the Emperor not only the chief wife, who is the empress, but also nine under-wives of the first class, twenty-seven of the second, and eighty-one of the third, on all of whom unnumbered servants wait. It may easily be believed that the imperial porcelain-factories of Kin-tih chin forwarded to the palace for their use, in the year 1877, eleven thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight articles, consisting of fish-bowls, flower-vases, and ornamental jars of the first quality, and interior products in proportion.

MAKING LOVE.—A pretty story is told of Moses Mendelssohn, the founder of the family whose name has the sound of music in it. He was a hunchback, and a young Hamburg maiden rejected him because he was misshapen. He went to bid her good-bye, and, while he was making a last supreme effort at persuasion, she did not lift her eyes. "Do you really think marriages are made in heaven?" "Yes, indeed," he replied, "and something especially wonderful happened to me. At the birth of a child proclamation is made in heaven that he or she shall marry such and such a one. When I was born my future wife was also named, but at the same time it was said, 'Alas! she will have a dreadful hump on her back!' 'Oh, God! I said then, 'a deformed girl will become embittered and unhappy, whereas she should be beautiful. Dear Lord, give me the hump and let the maiden be well-favored and agreeable!'" the girl could not resist such wooing as that, and threw her arms around his neck.

THE OSTRICH.—The editor of the Anaheim (Col.) *Gazette* has been investigating the habits of ostriches on a ranche near that place, and says that the old story about the female covering up the eggs and then leaving them to be hatched out by the hot sun is all bosh. "The female," he says, "sits on the eggs in the day time, and the male assumes that duty at night, allowing the female to seek rest and recreation while he attends to the household duties. It must be noted here that the male is much more solicitous for his household than is the female. It not unfrequently happens that the latter prefers to gad about rather than to take her turn at sitting, and on such occasions her lord and master administers to her a deserved chastisement by kicking her heartily around the paddock until she manifests proper contrition and signifies her willingness to settle down on the eggs." The eggs weigh about three and a-half pounds apiece, and are said to be of not unpleasant taste. One of them contains food enough for a plentiful breakfast for four persons.

A LOST PEARL.

BY MARGARET SANGSTER.

I do not know where I lost it
  For it slipped from a broken string,
And far and away from my sight to-day
  It lies, a neglected thing.

Or worse, since it may be another
  Is wearing my pearl of price,
And the gem that was mine, with its fairest shine,
  May be set in some strange device.

I do not know when I lost it;
  It was just as the dawning burst
Through the crystalline bars of the lingering stars
  That with sorrow I missed it first.

Perhaps in an opaline twilight,
  Perhaps when the moonbeams lay
With their delicate quiver o'er fields and river,
  And night was fairer than day.

I never dreamed half how precious
  Was my beautiful pearl to me
Till the grief of its loss, a heavy cross,
  I bore over land and sea.

You marvel? You do not divine it?
  I have lost what I could not lend,
What I'll mourn while I live; for no art can give
  To my heart the lost heart of my friend.

A BLACK VEIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"THEN, I cannot break mine, Mother Etheldreda.

"I cannot tell you my name.

"I can only say that the most solitary orphan you have in these walls is not more solitary than I am.

"In all the wide world there is no one to love me.

"Those who should love me, hate me, and wish me dead.

"To them, to the past, to the world, I am dead.

"You will let me live and die here with you, will you not?"

She looked earnestly at me.

"I will do my best for you, dear child," she said—"for your happiness, my very best.

"Are your parents not living?"

"No," I replied; "nor have I even one friend.

"In all my life I have loved but one person, and that love has brought me unutterable woe.

"I love you, Mother Etheldreda; let me stay with you.

"And do not ask me about my wretched past.

"But you are so very young!" she said gently.

"I am old in heart.

"Love keeps one young, but no love has fallen to my lot.

"When I get well and strong I will work as hard as Sister Anna does, if you will let me stay."

"You shall stay, my dear child," she said.

"Tell me your age?"

"Seventeen," I replied.

"Seventeen," she repeated, in a gentle tone.

Then she kissed me once more.

"You are a lady by birth?" she questioned.

"Most unfortunately, yes," I answered.

"But, Mother Etheldreda, please do not allude to the past.

"Fancy that some one has brought you a nameless orphan, and that you have adopted her.

Still with her beautiful eyes fixed on my face, she said:

"Have you had a great trouble in your life?"

"So great," I replied, "that it broke my heart.

"It drove me out of my mind, and brought me to death's door."

"So young," she said, in the softest of tones.

And her eyes seemed to add, "and so fair."

"Sister Magdalen found me in St. Paul's Church," I said.

"Let my life begin from that day."

"It shall be as you wish."

"How very, very good you are to me!" I cried.

"I came to you a nameless stranger, and you treat me as though I were your own child."

"You must not be a nameless stranger," she said.

"We must give you a name."

"I should like to be called Etheldreda," I said.

She smiled.

"It is a beautiful name; but why do you like it?"

"For its beauty, and for one other reason," I answered.

She did not ask what that was.

"You will, I feel sure, be pleased with any name I give you," she said, "because in some measure it will be adopting you as a child of the house.

"Now let me think."

"I know one name that I like exceedingly," I said.

"Well?"

"Agnes."

Her face flushed and paled.

"Then it shall be 'Agnes,'" she replied, after a few seconds.

"We will make it complete.

"Sister Magdalen found you in St. Paul's, and thought you were going to die there.

"We will call you 'Agnes St. Paul.'"

"I shall love my name," I replied, gratefully.

"Now you are really a child of Saint Etheldreda's," said the gentle voice of the reverend mother.

"I hope you will soon get strong.

"There are a few mists which we must clear away."

And she touched my forehead lightly with her hand.

"They are realities, not fancies, mother," I said.

"It was extraordinary how soon I adopted the the phraseology peculiar to the institution.

"Mother" and "Sister" soon became familiar terms to me.

"I shall sleep well to-night," I said to her.

"I feel more at home in this little room here than I have ever felt in my life before."

And I thought of the grand old house of Yatton, with its splendor and magnificence, where I had learned to love, and, alas! to suffer.

"I am glad to hear it.

"If love and care can make you happy, you will soon get well," she said.

Then I bethought myself of the money I brought from home.

It was useless to me, and would do much good here.

"Mother Etheldreda," said I, "do you see that black dress?

"It is mine—the one I wore when Sister Magdalen found me.

"Will you give me the roll of paper that is in the pocket?"

She handed it to me.

I had not examined the money that I had brought with me on the night that I left Yatton for ever.

"I had put it away, little dreaming what would happen through this very packet of notes and gold.

"I brought this money—$1,500—with me," I said.

"It is all that I have in the world, and all that I ever shall have.

"Will you take it for your poor, Mother Etheldreda?"

"My dear child, what a very generous gift!

"How easily you give away your all," she said.

"But no; I will not take it.

"Nay, do not look so disappointed, my dear.

"I do not say that I will never accept of it.

"I will tell you what I'll do.

"I will lock it away in a private drawer in my secretary, and we will wait.

"After a time you will know your own plans better than you do now."

I could not object, though I felt disappointed.

How could I foresee all that would happen through that roll of notes?

Then Mother Etheldreda, after kissing and blessing me, went away.

She left orders that Sister Genevieve should sit up with me.

Sister Genevieve was a French sister—bright, quick, and speaking French with a pretty accent.

She would not talk to me, although I wanted to talk all night about Mother Etheldreda.

"I have to sit here to watch you sleep well, dear child," she said. "I must not talk."

"But, sister, I cannot sleep.

"I am sure the fever is coming back to me.

"Liquid fires seem to be running through my veins.

"You have unduly excited yourself," she said.

"One must be calm to sleep well."

She sat down some little distance from me, her hands folded beneath her black veil, her face unmoved and quiet.

I thought of the angelic face that had stirred my heart so strangely, and, thus thinking, fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DAY after day passed, and I grew so accustomed to the routine of convent life that I almost forgot there was any other.

The walls of St. Etheldreda seemed to hold the world.

What a different life it was from that at Yatton!

There every one seemed to have the same aim and object—to enjoy life to the very utmost.

Here the object was to do all the good possible.

My attack of fever had left me terribly weak, and for a long time the doctor allowed me to rise for a few minutes only in the middle of the day.

How good the sisters were to me!

One would give up her rest, another her recreation to sit with me.

How brightly they talked to me, telling me all the pretty stories current among the children, and anecdotes about the old women!

Although I was some time at St. Etheldreda's, I scarcely saw some of the sisters—those who attended the school and the hospital; but others whom I was with continually soon became dear friends of mine—Sister Magdalen, with her pale sweet face, Sister Clare, oppressed by sorrow, yet always so gentle and pitiful, brisk, practical Sister Anna, bright Sister Genevieve, with her inexhaustible fund of laughable anecdotes. How I loved them all, grave and gay! How well they agreed!

I think the sweetest of all was Sister Rose.

She was only a novice, very young, with a fresh fair face, eyes blue as wild hyacinths—lips like a rose, pearly teeth, a smile that brought to light the sweetest dimples, a soft cooing voice. I loved the very sight of Sister Rose.

One tall dark sister had taken the name of the famous Spanish saint Teresa.

She was not in the least beautiful, but had a fine expressive face.

Seldom laughing, or even smiling, she yet was kind and gentle, but was more wrapped up in her own thoughts than the others were.

Cross old sister Ursula must have been pretty when she was young; but now her face was worn and lined.

Poor soul, she did her best to be good; but she was very hard on the young sisters—above all, on Sister Rose.

As I grew stronger, I was puzzled to decide how people with such different dispositions could live so happily and harmoniously together.

In the convent itself there were certain rules to be observed.

In some parts, such as the corridors, strict silence was always kept, even by the superioress.

Strict silence was also observed from nine in the evening until nine in the morning.

Sister Anna was always in difficulties about this rule.

She would say to me, with tears in her eyes—

"That is the rock on which I am continually being wrecked.

"I cannot remember the rule.

"Only yesterday I began to sing in the great cloister.

"There is not another sister in the place who would make such a mistake.

"I told Mother Etheldreda, and she—well, even she seemed surprised.

"The very moment the silence-bell rings I am seized with a most horrible longing to talk.

"It is very strange, isn't it?"

"I think it very natural, Sister Anna," I answered.

"You talk so well and so kindly that I do not wonder you enjoy it yourself.

"I am sure that every one who hears you does."

"You are very kind, dear child, to say so; but human nature must be subdued. Look at Sister Ignatia!

"She owns that no one living has so warm a temper, yet who ever sees her impatient? If she can so completely control her inclination to anger, surely I might control my inclination to talk."

"I hope you never will when I am with you, Sister Anna," I said; and she looked slightly shocked.

"My dear Agnes," she said, "it is of no use being here at all if one does not comply with the rules.

"I am quite sure, if I could keep the silence rule perfectly, as the other sisters do, I should be the happiest being in the wide world."

The humble obedience of these sisters was marvellous to me.

Of course there were occasional lapses, as what I am about to narrate will show.

There was nothing I enjoyed more than to coax Sister Marie out into the garden, where two or three great lime-trees cast a welcome shade.

Some rustic seats had been placed beneath them.

The first time that Mother Etheldreda caught Sister Marie and me there she merely gave a gentle reproving shake of her head and passed on

That ought to have been sufficient; but stolen delights are always so sweet.

The second time Mother Etheldreda gently touched my companion's arm.

"Dear sister, is not this rather a waste of time?" she said; and Sister Marie was most contrite.

A third time she was to suffer reproof. It was a warm night for the time of year.

Through the cloister windows I watched the stars twinkling in the sky, and as I gazed some of my lost youth and happiness came back to me, and my heart gave a sudden bound.

Oh, to feel the night wind kissing my face! I saw Sister Marie walking quietly through the corridor, and I caught her hands.

"Oh, sister, sister," I cried, "come into the garden and see the stars! They are shining so brightly."

She looked at me with a smile. "It is forbidden," she replied.

"Oh, never mind! Do come," I pleaded, earnestly.

Neither of us saw the glimmer of an approaching taper.

I drew her to the door; and the next minute we stood out in the garden, beneath the stars, the night wind blowing coolly.

How good it was!—how fair the sky, how sweet the wind!

I thought of the bonny woods of Yatton!

"I should like to live in the fresh air," I said.

At that moment a gentle hand was laid upon my arm, and, looking round, I saw the face of Mother Etheldreda.

"Dear child," she said, "you know that it is against the rules to come out here at night."

"Yes, I know it, reverend mother," I answered.

She spoke more sternly to Sister Marie.

"You, sister, of course know that this is an act of direct disobedience."

"Yes, I know, dear mother," replied the sister, with a look at me which said plainly enough, "This is all your fault."

"Go to your room, Sister Marie, at once, and do not leave it again this evening. Agnes, I give you no penance; but you will have the sorrow of knowing that you have broken one of the rules."

It was the first time that Mother Etheldreda looked at me without a loving smile, and my heart sank.

I realized then how much I loved her. I sprang after her.

"Do forgive me, Mother Etheldreda!" I cried.

"I am so sorry!

"I would not have grieved you for all the stars that ever shone. Do say that you forgive me."

Tears filled my eyes as I looked into the sweet gentle face.

"I forgive you fully, dear child.

"But you must remember for the future that obedience is the first rule of a religious house."

"I am so sorry," I said; "and it is my fault that Sister Marie suffers."

A quiet smile plays round Mother Etheldreda's lips.

"That is very sad; but Sister Marie knows she should not yield to temptation, or spend her time in star-gazing."

That was my first lesson in obedience as practised at St. Etheldreda's, and I did not forget it.

As the days passed on I grew stronger, and, in spite of my despair, the strength of my youth reasserted itself; not that I loved my cousin one whit the less, not that my love-story lost any of its sweetness or its pain, but new interests sprang up in my life, the novelty of all I saw and heard engrossed me.

I began even to forgive Lance that he had wished me dead.

The beauty of his face, the music of his voice haunted me; but I felt that in this world I should never see him again.

How often, in those long nights, I lived over again every moment I had ever spent with him, until my passionate misery maddened me!

How I prayed that I might forget, and then finished by cherishing my pain, because it was all that remained to me of my past.

Ah, my love, my brave Lance, how I loved you—even then, when I thought you wished me dead!

There were days when I could think of nothing but my cruel fate, the loveless years spent at Pentarn House, the cruelty of those who should have loved me best, my mad love for the young Earl, and its bitter ending—days when the convent was to me like a prison, when the quiet busy life was unendurable.

Then came a reaction.

Watching these sisters, some of them so young, so beautiful, so accomplished, spending their lives in acts of mercy, forgetting self, living wholly for others, I grew ashamed of myself, ashamed that human love had marred my whole life, ashamed that every good gift Heaven had given me was valueless, because one man did not love me.

How immeasurably inferior I was to these good sisters!

The love of one man had engrossed my whole life; the love of Heaven engrossed theirs.

I would have died gladly because the love on which I had fixed my heart was never to be mine; they worked on bravely and well.

There were times when, dwelling on this contrast, I hated myself.

As to one thing I felt quite sure—I would never leave St. Etheldreda's.

I would never go back to the world I had found so false, so hollow.

I did not make any plans as to becoming a sister; but I was resolved upon always remaining there.

I should not be a burden to them, for already, as my health improved and the fever-mists passed away, I had begun to work.

Very often Mother Etheldreda made me her secretary; she would send for me to her room and keep me there the whole day—helping her to write letters, to check accounts.

There was as much writing to be done there as in a lawyer's office.

I liked those days.

In my extravagant love for Mother Etheldreda, being with her was like Elysium.

She was so gentle, so spiritual, every word that fell from her lips was so tender and so wise.

One afternoon—I had been writing with her nearly all day—she asked me to pass her check-book.

As I did so, she pointed with a smile to one of the drawers of the bureau.

"The three hundred pounds lie there untouched, Agnes," she said.

"It is quite a little treasure-store to me."

Little did I think how the depositing of those notes with Mother Etheldreda would affect my future life.

CHAPTER XXV.

IF in time past I had ever thought of a convent at all, it had been as of an abode of mystery and concealment, of locked doors and barred windows.

I was amazed to find that there was no mystery here, that there was nothing to prevent any one inside from going out if she wished.

The rule was that no one should pass the convent gates without permission from the superioress, but it was always granted when asked.

If any one had cause to go out without it, there was no obstacle; at any moment that I or any one there wished to go, we could do so.

At first I could scarcely realize this.

"I never thought any one could leave a

convent who had once entered it," I said one day to Sister Magdalen; "I or you could go at any time."

"I hope I shall never go," she said. "All the world for me lies in St. Etheldreda's."

It was just two days before Christmas, and we were making wreaths of holly in the sacristy.

It was very cold—so cold that at times I could have cried with pain—and the leaves of the holly made my fingers bleed.

I held them up, in the hope of winning some slight expression of sympathy from my companion.

"Good penance, Agnes.

"You should be glad to have something to suffer."

I looked at her wonderingly. Something to suffer!

And I was to be glad of it!

Why, what were the wounds of my fingers compared with the wound at my poor heart?

What was the cold of the sacristy compared with the chill that had blighted my life?

Ah, how fair and content and placid she looked, her pale face bent over the glossy green holly!

What a contrast between her and myself—between her, who had never been sullied by an earthly love, and me, who had almost died from the fever of one!

Then I wondered if ever earthly passion had lighted that fair face, or had shone in those lovely eyes.

What had brought her to this harbor of refuge?

"My dear Agnes," said the sister, "what are you thinking about that you keep your eyes fixed on me?"

My face flushed, and my words came without thought.

"I was wondering, Sister Magdalen, why you became a sister.

"You are beautiful and young, and capable of enjoying life. Why did you come here?"

"What a strange question!

"The sisters do not readily lay bare their motives."

"You can scarcely have been beaten down by misfortune or driven mad by trouble," I continued.

"No, dear child.

"The trouble of others have been the heaviest burden I have had to bear. I have had none of my own."

"Do tell me," I importuned, "why you came here—why you gave up the world that must have been so bright to you, if you had no troubles."

"You know, dear, the sisters do not speak of themselves.

"We never mention the name by which we were known in the world, nor speak of our former lives."

"I do not want to know that: it is rather the history of your heart and mind and soul that interests me. I wonder what induced you to adopt this life?"

"I will tell you," she said suddenly. "Perhaps my little story may do you good.

"You ask me why I became a sister. I was one of a large and happy family. My parents were not rich, but they were in comfortable circumstances, and we were gently reared.

"I dearly loved my parents and my little sisters also.

"There were many of us, and as there was little work for me to do, I could give what time I liked to visiting the poor and the sick.

"Then, Agnes, a lover came for me, and my father wanted me to marry him; but my mother told me that I must not marry unless I could love with all my heart. I suppose you will laugh at me, Agnes; but, honestly, it seemed to me that I could not waste the whole love of my heart on one man; there must be a love, I thought, higher than this. I felt that, if I married my lover and my life was as the lives of other women, it would not satisfy me; for I saw parents careless of their children, children hating their parents, husbands tired of their wives, wives at variance with their husbands, and friends estranged, and love grow into dislike.

"Then I resolved to spend my life in the service of Heaven.

"I heard of Mother Etheldreda's home, and asked if I might enter it. At first my parents objected.

"They said I was so young; they thought I should repent; but, after a time, seeing that my heart was fixed upon it, they yielded, they brought me hither. Here," she continued, with a serene light on her pale sweet face, "I have found my haven of rest; my soul is at peace—I am happy beyond words.

"I never wish to leave St. Etheldreda's for one hour again. Human love, human ties, seem to me so small compared with infinite love."

There was a radiance on her face and brightness and gladness in her eyes which stirred my heart.

"You must have been born for this life," I said.

"Yes; I feel sure that mine was a real call," she answered.

"I should not have been happy in any other sphere."

"Then there has been no love-story in your life, Sister Magdalen?" I asked.

"No, dear child.

"Human love never had the slightest attraction for me.

"Indeed," she added naively, "I cannot understand how a girl can see anything lovable in any man."

"You are wrong, sister," I declared, as I thought of the handsome passionate face of Lance as he kissed me in the shadowy light of the fernery.

"There is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

I thought to myself, if she had seen or known Lance, her opinion would have been different.

Then when I remembered suddenly to what my mad love had brought me, my face flushed.

"Sweet and bitter," said Sister Magdalen gently.

"But infinite love is always sweet."

"But sister, surely many girls enter convents because they have been disappointed in love?" I said.

"Some few may do so, but I honestly believe the generality of them go because they think they can lead a better life there; and the life has a charm for them which no other could possess."

"I always thought it was trouble of some kind that induced girls to think of entering a convent."

"It does happen so at times; because, you see, Agnes, when one has had great troubles, the world naturally loses all its charm, and one begins to think of another where no care or sorrow reigns. But the greater part of the sisters I know are simple fresh-hearted girls."

I thought of the dark passionate beauty of Sister Clare, of the repressed power and sadness on the face of Sister Genevieve.

"There are some in this convent whose story is written in their faces," I said suddenly, "whose hearts are not free from care.

"Some of them look sad."

"A convent is a miniature world," she replied slowly.

"There must be all manner of dispositions, temperaments, and characters in it."

"Then you really love your life, Sister Magdalen?" I said.

"I love it with all my heart," she replied, with sudden fervor.

"I would not change it for a throne."

I wondered, as I looked at her, so placid and calm, with perfect peace shining on her face, if ever I could so subdue my passionate rebellious heart. I had given my life for a love such as this sweet-faced woman had spurned.

"It seems very strange," I said musingly. "Have you never missed the gaiety, the pretty dresses, or any of those things that make life so attractive to young girls?"

"No, I have not. Oh, Agnes, see—it is nearly five!

"The vesper bell will ring soon, and we have not finished the wreath."

* * * * * *

One afternoon—it was the middle of January then—there was a quantity of linen to be repaired, and the sisters had assembled in a room where all the clothes and the linen of the house was kept.

There was much sewing, mending and darning.

Mother Etheldreda came to help, for she was very clever with the needle.

Sister Anna was to assist because no one understood the placing of a patch so well; Sister Rose, because her fingers were so nimble; Sister Frances, because she did everything, no matter how small, with all her heart.

There was just a pleasant little circle of sisters; and Mother Etheldreda, knowing how I loved to be with her, sent for me.

The rule was to keep silent while at work, unless some one was appointed to read aloud from some pious book.

We were thus employed, Sister Marie reading and the others working, when suddenly the door opened, and one of the sisters from the laundry came in.

She went up to Mother Etheldreda, holding out something.

"Dear mother," she said, "I have just found this in the folds of the ironing-blanket:" and she held out to her a handkerchief edged with finest Valenciennes lace.

I recognized it at once as mine.

Mine!

What should I do?

How had it remained hidden away so long?"

"Quite a treasure-trove," said Mother Etheldreda.

"What a beautiful handkerchief! Why, this is real Valenciennes!

"We have none so fine as this even on our altar."

Then, looking at Mother Etheldreda, I saw her face grow very pale, and she dropped it suddenly.

"There is a coronet upon it!" she said.

Sister Rose picked it up.

"So there is, dear mother. Why, where did this come from?

"We must have a peeress amongst us!" she exclaimed.

She laughed as she spoke; but I saw Mother Etheldreda shudder.

"A coronet!" cried Sister Anna. How very strange?

"How came it here?"

Mother Etheldreda looked at it again.

"Yes, how could it come here?" she inquired.

"There must be some mistake.

"This handkerchief is very beautiful, and the lace upon it alone is worth a great many pounds.

"We must find its proper owner and restore it."

"That is why I brought it," said Sister Zita.

"I knew that it was very valuable.

"Sister Austin says that lace must have cost seven pounds."

Oh, miserable me!

I remembered so well purchasing that handkerchief for the night of the ball, and reproaching myself afterwards for being extravagant.

I must have brought it in the pocket of my dress or jacket.

How it had found its way between the folds of the ironing-blanket, where Sister Zita had found it, I could not imagine.

"We have had no visitors lately who who would be likely to possess such a thing," said Sister Zita.

"It must have been dropped in church, and have been carried away with the altar-linen.

"We must put up a notice to say that it has been found."

"How beautifully the coronet is embroidered!" observed another sister, examining it critically.

"And the monogram is 'L. D.'"

How guilty I felt!

Yet, strange to say, no one thought of me.

It seemed to me that my secret must be written on my face.

I bent over my sewing to hide my emotion.

"Leave it here with us, Sister Zita; we will do our best to find its owner," said Mother Etheldreda.

"That embroidery is beautifully done. I wish one of you, my dear sisters, could do it as well."

I knew how much similar work of my own hand had been admired, and longed to offer my services; but I could not do so yet, for fear of drawing suspicion upon myself.

Then my unlucky handkerchief was laid aside.

When Mother Etheldreda was alone, I went to her, and told her that I had always been considered clever at embroidery, and that, if she would let me look at the handkerchief, I thought that I could imitate the stitch.

"I should be so pleased if you could," she said; and she passed the handkerchief to me.

I cannot tell what I felt when I held this proof of my identity in my hands once more.

Embroidery has been to me, Miss Pentarn had once observed, "as simple a matter as plain sewing to most girls."

I loved tracing leaves and flowers and various graceful designs.

"I could do this nicely, dear mother," I said.

And from that time I had no difficulty whatever in filling up my leisure hours at St. Etheldreda's.

No claimant had ever appeared for the handkerchief, and it remained for some days a source of wonder to some sisters.

My old curiosity was strong within me. To tell the truth, I should much have liked to know what had brought each sister there.

Perhaps most of all I wondered about Sister Clare.

One never saw her weep; but her eyes always showed traces of tears.

She never complained, but was silent and thoughtful.

No one was more devoted to her duties than she, no one more gentle and patient with the sick and the poor, more loving with the children, kinder to the sisters, or more faithful to the superioress's rule; but there was an air of sadness about her which nothing ever lessened.

We were together one day, Sister Clare and myself, nursing a poor girl who had been for some days dying; she had years before been in the school, and then had taken a situation, not liking the quiet of the convent.

After a time she had been lost to sight, until Mother Etheldreda found her starving, almost dying, and brought her home.

She did not stop to ask how the intermediate years had been spent.

She saw only a lost sheep, and she brought her back to the fold.

The heart of the girl held a bitter secret—but the good sisters would not ask what it was.

When she held out her trembling arms to them, and cried, "Oh that I had never been born!" they gently soothed her.

They gave poor pretty Jenny Young—that was her name—a little room not far from mine.

This night she was very near death, and there were many in the hospital.

Mother Etheldreda sent Sister Clare to sit up with her, and asked me if I would share the vigil.

I willingly consented, for I had read a story in Jennie's faded face, and I loved Sister Clare.

So we entered on our night's duty together, the poor dying girl taking little heed of us.

The night-lamp was lowered, and there was no sound except the faint breathing of the girl.

Once she flung up her worn arms with a terrible cry.

"Is it coming, sister?" she asked. "Is it coming?"

"Not yet, my dear," said Sister Clare.

"It is night yet; but the dawn will soon be here."

She soothed her with gentle words, and the girl fell into that deep troubled sleep that sometimes precedes death. Suddenly we heard her sobbing pitifully.

"Do not hurt me, dear!" she said. "I did not go, John, believe me! I swear it to you on my knees, I did not go!"

"John! John!"—and the death-cry sounded suddenly through the room.

"Oh, sister, sister, for Heaven's sake, let me see John!"

Sister Clare bent over her.

"Who is John?" she asked. "Jennie, my dear, who is John?"

"I loved John!" she cried. "I cannot die until I have seen him! I dared not ask before.

"Oh, let me see him once—only once, sister!"

"But, my dear child, who is John? I do not know where to send."

"Tell him," she cried incoherently, "that I did not go!

"I swear I did not go! They told him falsely.

"I would have died rather than have gone!"

"Jennie, my dear child, try to be calm," said Sister Clare.

"I cannot be calm!" cried the dying girl, in a state of terrible excitement.

"What have I been doing all this time? I must see John; I must tell him I did not go!"

"Human love reigns here," I whispered to Sister Clare.

"Yes, even to the last," she replied. Her face had grown very pale, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I wonder who John is—if John loved her, and she loved him?" I said musingly; and Sister Clare turned from me, wringing her hands.

So for some hours Jennie lay moaning for John and imploring us to send her message to him.

But where she had been, what she had done, who John was, the trouble and pain that had been her lot, remained a secret.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JENNIE died while Sister Clare knelt by her side praying; and we went in the silence of the night to fetch the sister whose duty it was to perform the last sad offices for the dead.

Although Jennie had been ill so long, her end seemed to us sudden at the last, as death always seems, no matter how long it has hovered near.

Sister Catherine did what was required; then, having transformed the little room into a chapel, and placed flowers and candles round the dead, she knelt down, and, pitying our white faces, told us we might go.

"I am the sister of the dead," she said; and her words sounded awful in my ears. "It is my duty always to watch by them the first night after death."

With a shudder I looked around the room.

The faint light of the lamp, the pallor of the dead face, the rigid outlines of the silent figure, and the remembrance of the girl's vehement cries, all unnerved me. I was thankful when Sister Clare drew me from the room.

"Agnes," said Sister Clare, "you look quite ill, child."

I clung to her suddenly.

"Oh, sister," I said, "how terrible this is! Yet I—can you believe it?—only a short time since, longed to die, death would have been welcome to me."

"And now?" she said.

"Oh, not now—not now!" I cried.

"Oh, sister, hold my hands in yours, warmly and closely.

"Oh that I should ever had wished myself dead!"

She took both her hands in hers, and held them tightly.

I recalled my poor father as he lay dead, and my whole frame was convulsed with terror.

And to think that I had longed and prayed to die!

"Mother Etheldreda said that if you were tired or ill I was to attend to you. Go to your room, Agnes, and I will bring you some tea.

"It will warm and quiet you."

But I dared not leave her.

I, a St. Asaph, of a race supposed to know no fear—I dared not be left alone with the chill horror of that cold presence on me.

I begged that I might go with her, that she would not leave me; and she yielded to my entreaties and allowed me to accompany her.

It was strange weird work going about that silent convent after midnight, especially as we had just left the chamber of death. No silence could be more profound than that which reigned.

There was a good fire in the kitchen, and a kettle boiling.

It often happened that the sick craved for tea during the long nights, and benefitted by it.

It was another lesson in self-denial to me to find that, although Sister Clare made some refreshing tea for me, she never touched it herself.

When I urged her to take some, as she was cold and tired, she smiled.

"It is against the rules to eat between meals, or to drink either," she said.

And, as I eagerly drank my hot tea, I felt glad for the time that I was not a sister.

Then, in her goodness, Sister Clare offered to go to my room with me, seeing how I trembled.

There things were a little brighter.

The fire was laid, and I lighted it.

But still the chill horror of the scene we had passed through oppressed me.

It was my first vigil; I was stronger during the second.

I drew my most comfortable chair to the fire, and placed Sister Clare in it.

She looked very pale—more sad and careworn than usual.

I knelt down before her, and laid my head on her knees.

"To think that I longed to die, Sister Clare, while I was blessed with health and vigor!

"How could I ever have wished to be like what poor Jennie is now?"

"You must have been in bitter trouble," said Sister Clare musingly.

"Yes—I was," I acknowledged, as the remembrance of the old anguish came back to me.

"Death is better than a troubled life," said Sister Clare.

"I shall never think so again," I declared. "To my mind, it is inconceivably awful. How can I be sufficiently grateful that Heaven did not listen to my prayers, and that I did not die?

"Poor Jennie!

"I seems so strange—with us two short hours ago, now gone for ever!"

"Human love is a terrible passion," said Sister Clare, with paling lips.

"It marred poor Jennie's life!

"Oh, Agnes, when you pray Heaven to shield you from all evils, remember this is the greatest!"

Ah, my noble young cousin with the frank blue eyes, my love, for whom I had been more than willing to die, could this be true?

"It is too late for me to offer up such a prayer," I said with emotion.

"And too late for me," added the sister.

My heart went out to her.

I had always thought her beautiful, passionate, restless face told of a troubled life.

"Sister Clare," I said gently, "do tell me your story—do tell me why you became a sister."

"It is a dream of the past," she answered "a book the pages of which are turned."

"Not for me," I said.

"Tell me, Sister Clare.

"I love you; and, looking at you, I have often wondered what brought you here. You were not a 'sister born'; you had not a vocation so strong that nothing could resist it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MYSTERY OF BRITELEIGH HALL.

BY J. CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER V.

ONCE safe in London, I speedily sought out and engaged a temporary lodging for Miss Wintock.

Next, I proceeded to wait upon my chief, to whom I rendered a faithful account of what had transpired; and who, far from blaming me, was pleased to commend my conduct highly.

I knew the solicitor who always transacted his law business.

"Do you think, sir," I asked respectfully, "that I had better go to Mr. Wrightly, or can you advise me of any one better?"

"Wait on old Wrightly at once," was his reply, highly pleased at my asking his counsel.

"He is as sharp as a ferret and as persistent as a leech."

Jumping into the first cab I met, another half-hour saw me in Mr. Wrightly's office. I need not detail the steps which eventually led to the recovery of the greater part of Miss Wintock's property.

Sufficient to state that the astute old lawyer at once undertook her case, conducting it with a perseverance and skill seldom surpassed; and that also, while matters were in progress, he very kindly and thoughtfully provided her with a safe retreat, by receiving her into his own house and family. At first, the Wintocks threatened proceedings against me on account of the mare and gig; but these they were soon glad to forego, for the shrewd old practitioner at once commenced the battle, and they had much more important interests to engage their attention.

It was, however, about two years before things were finally settled.

During the early part of that time, I called once or twice, at her own request, to see Miss Wintock, and she had by degrees drawn from me much of my past history.

Long before the expiration of the two years alluded to I had, however, bidden farewell to my occupation as a bailiff, for one morning my chief called me aside.

"Meredith," said he, "here is a note from Mr. Wrightly, requesting me to send you to him immediately."

"Good-morning, Mr. Meredith," said the latter, as I entered the little private room at his chambers in which he usually sat to receive clients.

"Take a chair. I want a word or two with you.

"I have been given to understand that you were formerly employed in the law. Is it so?"

I began to blush and stammer, for I could not for the life of me guess what was coming.

"Ah, well! I see; committed yourself.

"Never mind. Do you like your present vocation, eh?

"Not particularly enthusiastic in it!" he continued, in his sharp shrewd way of speaking.

"Very good.

"Glad of it!"

I bowed, for I had literally nothing to reply.

"Now, young man," and he fixed his keen gray eyes searchingly upon me, "I can perfectly comprehend a hot-brained inexperienced youth sowing his wild-oats, and afterwards reaping the bitter crop, too often throughout his after-life.

"But your conduct in Warley's affair has given me a favorable impression of your character and disposition; and I am induced to hope that with the energy you evidently possess, you may yet accomplish better things.

"Stay!" he said, raising his hand, seeing that I was about to answer.

"Hear me out.

"I conclude, from the few scraps of your history which I have heard, that you have received a genteel education.

"Indeed, your manners indicate that you have not always occupied your present position in society.

"Had you the opportunity of regaining your former status among your fellow-men—on your word as a man, would you do your best to retain it?"

His words fell upon my ears clear, cold, and calm, yet melodious as the ring of a silver bell.

I sprang to my feet.

The gorgeous sunshine was gleaming with golden rays through the narrow window of that little room, tinting with hues of gladness even the piles of musty deeds that lay ranged upon its shelves.

I felt its loving warmth strike to my inmost heart, as I stood erect before him with quivering lip, vainly struggling to force out the glad words of thanks that would not come, for my emotion was too deep for utterance.

Could it really be that there was yet one more chance for me of hope in life? for my present existence, passed in a low and degrading occupation, that I thoroughly hated, could not be termed living.

Mr. Wrightly perceived my agitation.

"Enough!" said he with a smile, and waving his hand.

"Sit down again, and compose yourself. Actions shall speak for you in the future; I like them better than words.

"There is just at this time a vacancy in my office; the post is open to your acceptance.

"Fill it worthily; it is the first step on the ladder.

"In due time you may rise to competence at least, if not to eminence.

"Uprightness, energy, and perseverance, you know the rest.

"There; no thanks.

"I owe you some recompense for bringing me a good client."

How my heart bounded within me as I left Mr. Wrightly's presence!

I could not resist the conclusion that Miss Wintock's representations had influenced him.

Doubtless, she wished to repay me in some way for my services.

What nobler offering could she present me than the opportunity of redeeming myself, and regaining my former social status.

"And John Meredith will prove himself not unworthy of her kindness!" I exclaimed, as I threw myself upon my couch for the night, to dream of the past, present, and improbable future, mingled in inextricable confusion; for amid the tempest of conflicting emotions, a second hope had flashed momentarily, like a brilliant meteor, upon my unhinged mind.

I dared not breathe it even to myself, far less encourage it.

Vainly I tried to banish the remembrance of Miss Wintock from my senses.

Mr. Wrightly's residence was some distance from his office.

Sometimes I had to wait upon him there, and occasionally saw her for an instant.

Her kindly grasp of the hand, with occasionally a few words of friendly interest, had served to feed and fan the flame that was smouldering in my breast; and yet I felt that my case was utterly hopeless, because of the gap between our relative social positions.

During Miss Wintock's stay at Mr. Wrightly's, a Major Courtly became a constant visitor.

It began to be whispered that as soon as her affairs were settled, he would be openly acknowledged as her accepted suitor.

When first I heard the news, every faculty seemed for the moment paralysed. Then I awoke to the depth and intensity of the feeling I entertained for her.

That night, in my chamber, I cast myself on the floor in a wild tempest of passion, grief, and despair.

A few weeks after the trial—which resulted in her favor—was over, it was currently reported among our clerks that Miss Wintock would shortly leave Mr. Wrightly's family for an establishment of her own in the country.

I felt it was good for me that it should be so.

My idol removed from immediate proximity, I hoped to regain by degrees my equanimity and composure of mind.

Happiness was not to be expected, for the mainspring of a joyful life was broken.

One morning I was in my accustomed place at the office, gloomily poring over a deed intrusted to me by Mr. Wrightly, when a perfumed billet was laid on my desk by one of the juniors.

It ran thus:

"Miss Wintock presents her kindest compliments to Mr. Meredith. Probably he is aware that she is about to leave town for Briteleigh Hall the day after to-morrow. She would therefore be pleased to see him any time this evening. She cannot help feeling rather surprised that he is the very last of her friends to congratulate her upon her good fortune."

"Well, I'll go and have it over," I soliloquised.

"Little does she guess the agony of mind to which it will subject me."

I went.

Punctually as the clock struck seven, I was ushered into the library.

Miss Wintock and Miss Wrightly were sitting together, each with a book.

Miss Wrightly was charming.

But my every sense and feeling became absorbed and entranced in the contemplation of her friend.

She had always appeared to me strikingly handsome even under the unfavorable circumstances of her captivity; but now, she dazzled me with the brightness of her queenly beauty.

Time, repose, communion with congenial spirits, had combined to develop her form and perfect her lovely face.

She might have sat for a model in ancient Greece.

"Good-evening, Mr. Meredith.

"I am so glad to see you once more before leaving London.

"But what a recreant knight! We have neither seen or heard anything of you since the day of our triumph."

I murmured very confusedly something about not liking to intrude upon her.

"Oh, nonsense! You were not such a coward on a certain night which I shall ever well remember.

"And yet I have been very busy indeed, or I should have sent for you earlier.

"Now you are come, we must have a little chat.

"So, take a chair, and make yourself at home."

I sat down and we talked awhile, Miss Wrightly occasionally joining in the conversation.

By degrees I overcame my embarrassment.

We chatted of the past, of our hairbreadth escape, and of the trial; and then I took the opportunity of thanking her most gratefully for her interest with Mr. Wrightly on my behalf.

She raised her hand with an imperative gesture of displeasure.

"Mr. Meredith, I do not wish to hear a word about that.

"You have only to thank your own noble conduct.

"I always felt, from the first moment you befriended me, that you were in heart, as in bearing, a gentleman."

Other desultory conversation followed, and soon afterwards I rose to take my leave.

"Stay one moment longer," she requested, as she tripped across the room to a little cabinet.

"I have a trifle here for your acceptance; you must not go away without it.

"There!" she added, as she placed in my hand a splendidly executed miniature of herself.

"You will not refuse to wear this as a memento of your services to me."

I bent over it and kissed it fervently, and also the snow-white hand that she placed in mine to bid me farewell.

"And now, Mr. Meredith, good-bye! Let me hear now and then of your welfare. You will perhaps occasionally leave town for a few days' holiday.

"Whenever you may chance or choose to come in the neighborhood of Briteleigh Hall, remember I shall expect a call from you.

"Nay, no excuses.

"I command it!"

She spoke with a bewitching imperiousness that awed and fascinated me.

"Miss Wintock," I stammered, "I shall be most happy—most delighted to—to; but perhaps—I fear"——

Gazing upon me for an instant with a fixed look of astonishment—"But perhaps what?" she asked.

"Miss Wintock, I appreciate your kindness far more highly than any poor words of mine can express; but, in fact, I dare not trust myself.

"It is for me extremely painful to decline your kindly meant invitation; but it would be even more painful for me to accept it; and it is quite possible," I blurted out, scarcely knowing what I said, "that Major Courtly might not entirely approve of my doing so."

Both ladies regarded me with looks of intense and puzzled wonder, as if they thought I was distraught.

"Major Courtly!" each involuntarily repeated very slowly and in the same breath. The next moment both burst into a simultaneous merriment; and Miss Wrightly, with both hands to her face; to conceal her confusion, hurried out of the room. Miss Wintock was the first to recover her composure.

For myself, I was completely confounded, and stood speechless.

"Mr. Meredith," she gravely replied, "this is a serious matter, though I have been silly enough to laugh at it.

"What can Major Courtly have to do with your giving me a friendly call now and then at my own residence, if I choose to entertain you?"

"I—I thought that he had a right to—I have heard that you were——"

"Major Courtly is the affianced suitor of Miss Wrightly, the lady who has just left the room," she interrupted.

"What next?"

There was a mischievous archness in her glance.

It flashed upon my mind that she half suspected my secret.

I lost all self-command.

Out it came in a headlong torrent of words, that would not be controlled.

In the frenzy which shook me, I had taken her hand in mine, when she gave me one startled look, and with her face averted, stood motionless as a statute, her color alternately fading from crimson to the pallor of swooning, and then as quickly flushing to the brightest crimson.

I told her all—of the love first kindled while she bent over me by dim candlelight in her dark prison-chamber—how, through the long dreary months which had since elapsed, it had gathered intensity, until it had become the quintessence of my existence—how that, realizing the impassable gulf that yawned between her station and mine, I had resolved to come and bid her farewell, and then to see her no more, but to bury my secret within my breast for ever, and bear my burden as best I could.

Bending for an instant over the hand that, cold as marble, still rested in my own, I raised it passionately to my lips, and was about to rush from the apartment, when a sudden dizziness seemed to overtake Miss Wintock.

But for my assistance she would have fallen on the floor.

I was sobered in an instant, horrified at the consequences of my own impetuosity as I conveyed her to the sofa.

I was about to ring for assistance, when she opened her eyes.

"Do not ring, at least for a minute or two; I shall be better presently. A little water"—pointing to the table.

I hastened to comply; but my hand trembled so violently that I could scarcely help her, as, kneeling on one knee, I raised it to her lips.

"Oh!" I cried, "forgive me, Miss Wintock, the alarm and pain I have caused you."

I believe that intense terror at my excited manner and speech, commingled with anger at my effrontery, was the cause of her swooning.

"I will summon Miss Wrightly, and never intrude my hateful presence upon you again. Would that my tongue had been——"

She laid her hand very gently upon my arm.

"Do not speak, please; I cannot talk yet."

She sat for several minutes without moving or speaking, and with her eyes cast down.

Presently, a few pearly drops began to steal gently from under the dark pencilled eyelashes.

For my own part, I scarcely dared to breathe.

At last the color began slowly to tint her cheeks.

Suddenly, she removed her hand from my arm, and with a great effort she stood erect.

"John Meredith," she said, "I know you to be brave; I also know you to be sincere.

"Tell me solemnly—was that your whole mind and soul, or only a mistaken feeling of enthusiasm in parting with a dear friend?"

"Dearest Miss Wintock," I said "it was indeed my whole mind and soul, my——"

"Then take me to your heart, John! Be my protector through life, as you have been my gallant deliverer from worse than death."

It was not till some time afterwards that I left the house.

Miss Wrightly did not return to the library.

We sat sweetly conversing of the bitter past, the joyful present, and the hopeful future.

At length the supper-bell warned us that we must part, and I tore myself away, once more to dream—but this time blissfully—of Maria Wintock.

A few months later, we had a quiet wedding in the metropolis, Mr. Wrightly officiating as father, and his daughter as one of the bridesmaids.

But at Briteleigh my lovely bride was received with a hearty ovation; the villagers turning out *en masse* to meet and welcome her.

New servants had been appointed to the Hall, and there was a jovial spread at the Three Nags for the tenants and the workpeople on the estate, including the friendly landlord and landlady of the inn where we spent that memorable night; nor did her liberal hand forget the aged and the poor in the village itself.

[THE END.]

Aunt Martha's Fortune.

BY M. M. G.

I ROBERT OGDEN, at twenty-four, was a tolerably good-looking youth, with a position in a draper's shop as bookkeeper, at a good salary.

Nothing very brilliant about all this, to be sure.

I think I should have felt very well satisfied with my lot in life had I never indulged in dreams of sudden wealth—in other words, I had never heard of my rich Aunt Martha.

Now, unfortunately—or fortunately, just as you please to consider it—I had not only heard of her, but she was the oracle to which our family listened on all occasions. She was a spinster of the severest type, but she was the possessor of two hundred thousand dollars in good securities, and this, as you may imagine, covered a multitude of defects.

When I was six years old, and my cousins, Bert and Jim Ogden, were about the same age, Aunt Martha announced her intention of setting one of us up in business to the extent of half of her fortune when he, the lucky boy, should become twenty-five years of age.

Whichever one of us best suited her in general behavior, and in the choice of a wife, should be the favored one, she declared.

On that day my trouble commenced. Of course the choice of a wife had not yet entered my youthful imagination, but as I grew into boyhood I manifested a natural desire to have as good a time as other boys, and this, was entirely contrary to Aunt Martha's strict ideas of propriety.

"The idea of your letting that boy go off with a lot of other young scamps to ride over the country till ten o'clock at night!" she would say to my mother; and for that winter, at least my fun was spoiled, or else procured under the gratest difficulties. Oh, I hated Aunt Martha in those days, and wished her a thousand miles away!

"Let her keep her money!" I declared wrathfully to my mother, who was always expostulating against my impatience.

"If Jim and Bert want to get down on their knees to her they can do so, but I am resolved to be independent."

Now all this sounded very fine, and I felt every word of it.

Two hundred thousand dollars was a nice sum, and nothing would have suited me better than to have it at my disposal.

When I obtained the situation at Wells and Barker's, Aunt Martha, for the first time, acknowledged herself pleased.

"I like to see young men get into business," she said.

"There's nothing more disgusting than to see a young sprig like yourself saunter-ing around with a cane and a cigar, trying to make folks think he's a man, when he doesn't know any more than a baby."

Strangely enough, she advised all her nephews to get married.

"Men are poor, miserable creatures unless they have a sensible woman to look after them, and keep them from making fools of themselves," she said.

I did not contradict this sweeping assertion, but I might just as well have done so, for she took up her last remark exactly as if I had.

"Yes, fools!

"They always will be, because they always have been."

"Was that the reason you never married one of them?" I ventured to ask, although I knew that my chance for the money would sink a trifle thereby.

"None of your impudence, young man! I refused better fellows than you before I was sixteen years old, because they didn't know anything."

This was very flattering, but I modestly refrained from making any reply whatever, and Aunt Martha went on, "The worst of it is, the women don't know anything now-a-days—a shiftless, lazy set, with no more common sense than a peacock. Why, when I was a young——"

But I recollected a pressing engagement, and left the room.

It was about this time that I met May Ansdell.

She was an only child, and although her father was not wealthy, he was in possession of a good income; May dressed handsomely, went in the best society, and had every wish gratified.

She was not a beauty, strictly speaking, but she had a fresh, piquant face that was more attractive than mere regularity of features, and she knew how to make herself irresistibly charming to her friends.

Gay, stylish, and inclined to flirt I found her, but beneath it all she was pure and true and womanly, and I loved her as I had never even dreamed of loving any woman.

I plucked up courage at last and told her so, although I knew she could do better as far as money was concerned, unless, indeed, Aunt Martha decided in my favor, which at present seemed very unlikely.

And now that May had promised to be mine, and I was looking forward to our marriage, I longed for the money more than ever.

It would enable me to place my darling in as good a home as I should take her from, and I could not endure the thought of anything else.

I did not want to take any advantage of Jim and Bert, however.

Once I ventured to broach the subject to my aunt, and proposed that she should divide the money equally among the three of us; but I was promptly told to mind my own affairs, and not trouble myself about money which would never trouble me.

Bert happened to be the one to inform Aunt Martha of my engagement to May Ansdell.

"I tell you she's stylish!" I heard him say in conclusion, and with malicious intent, I was sure, for the word "stylish" always goaded the old lady into a furious humor.

"Stylish!" she snorted; excuse the verb, but no other one expresses her tone. "Of course that's all he wants, then; any little fool who can look like a fashion-plate will do for him; no brains, no common sense—but never mind, if she's only stylish."

At this juncture I walked into the room, and Bert, who did not know of my proximity, looked a little crestfallen, and soon took his departure.

"So Bert was kind enough to inform you of my engagement," I remarked.

"Oh, yes!

"It was nothing to me. He only happened to mention it."

This in her most sarcastic tone of voice, and I knew she was offended because I had not made a confident of her.

"It is only a few days since it was all settled, and I was waiting an opportunity to inform you of it," I said, anxious to conciliate her, if possible.

"Don't trouble yourself to make excuses, young man.

"Of course no one expected you to think of your poor old aunt at such a time as this.

"She has nothing in common with lofty young gentlemen nor giggling little flirts, either."

"Aunt Martha, please don't pass judgment on May Ansdell until you have seen her and become acquainted with her," I begged, feeling the occasion to be too important to lose my temper.

"Well, bring her to see me," she condescended to say.

"I confess I'd like to see the girl who is fool enough to want to throw herself away on you."

It would never do to slight this courteous invitation, so I explained to May soon afterwards that an eccentric old aunt of mine desired to see her.

May expressed her willingness to go and pay her a visit.

"I dearly like excentric people," May declared.

I greatly doubted her liking Aunt Martha, but I would not discourage her by saying so.

"I will come for you early on next Saturday afternoon," I said, as I kissed her at the door,

"And, darling, you must not mind if my aunt makes peculiar remarks. It is her way."

"Oh, no!

"I shall make her like me, in spite of your forebodings to the contrary."

"Now, May, I never said——"

"No, you never said so," interrupted May, "but you looked it all the time. You imagine your Aunt Martha and I won't get on together.

"Well, we shall see."

On Saturday, immediately after luncheon, I informed Aunt Martha that I should bring May Ansdell to see her that afternoon.

"Ansdell—Ansdell," she mused. "I used to know a man by that name a good while ago—a poor, shiftless, drinking fellow. What did you say her other name was?"

"Mabel," I replied, thankful it was an old-fashioned name; for Aunt Martha persisted in liking anything and everything dating fifty years back.

"Then, why don't you call her Mabel instead of that silly nickname? But then, I suppose, it would not be stylish enough for her ladyship."

I kept my temper with an effort, and tried to say, calmly, "Auntie, I hope you will say nothing to Miss Ansdell about your fortune or your intentions regarding it.

"She promised to marry me, believing me to be a poor man with my way to make in the world, and as she will probably have to live with me as such, I don't want you to say anything to raise expectations which may never be realized."

"Don't be alarmed," said Aunt Martha, grimly.

"It's not likely I would be bragging of my money to a little chit like her, who doesn't know the value of a dollar except to fritter it away on sweets and ribbons. By the way, I should think it would be quite a change for the young lady to set up housekeeping on a salary of fifteen dollars a-week," sneered the old lady, in a manner that made my blood boil.

"You will please be more respectful in speaking of her and to her," I retorted. "I don't expect you to like her.

"If I brought down an angel out of heaven you would say she didn't know anything; but if you do not treat May Ansdell decently, I will never forgive you, and when I have a home of my own, you shall never enter it.

"Now, mark my words."

"You insufferable puppy!" shouted Aunt Martha, furiously.

"You look well talking about angels out of heaven.

"You look a great deal more like mating with an angel out of the other place, with your smoking and swearing and your disrespectfull manner——"

Here she choked for breath, and I escaped from the room.

I reflected that I had been exceedingly foolish to lose my temper when talking with Aunt Martha, for when this happened she never failed to get the better of me; she certainly had done so now, and this fact would put her into something as nearly resembling good-humor as she ever allowed herself to indulge, consequently now was the auspicious time to present May.

I hurried at once to her home, and found her waiting for me.

"You don't say a word about my new dress," she said, as soon as we started.

"It just came home from the dressmaker's, and it is too stylish for anything."

My heart sank; Aunt Martha would hate the dress and its owner, I thought, as I looked down at it.

It was a plain, full skirt, of some silky material, with a queer, gathered waist, and puffs at the top of the sleeves; nothing fancy about it; but if it was stylish its fate was sealed, as far as Aunt Martha was concerned.

"Rob, something troubles you this afternoon," exclaimed far-sighted May.

"Do I look so very hideous, and are you sure that Aunt Martha won't like me?"

"You are charming, my pet; but I was thinking how miserably poor I am.

"May, have you ever reflected that with my salary I cannot provide all the luxuries to which you have been accustomed in your own home?"

"Rob, have you ever reflected that so long as I have you I don't care a penny for luxuries or anything else?"

"But when you are deprived of them you may miss them more than you imagine, my dear May," I urged.

"If you keep on talking in this ridiculous way I shall think you are becoming tired of me, and, in that case, there is no use going to see your Aunt Martha," exclaimed May, stopping short and suddenly pulling her arm from mine.

"There, there, May!

"I won't say another word; we'll take each other for better or worse, and I'll work—oh, how I will work to make a fitting home for you."

We had arrived at the house by this time, and I led the way at once to my Aunt Martha's room.

The old lady arose as we entered, and gazed steadily at May.

"Where did you get that dress?" she demanded, without paying the least attention to my formal introduction.

"Madame Guthbert made it for me," answered May, manifesting no surprise at my aunt's abrupt question.

"It's the first decent dress I've seen on a girl in fifty long years.

"Why, child, I had one made nearly like it when I was a girl; and a bead-work bag, too!" exclaimed my aunt, snatching at the dainty morsel of glistening steel which May held in her hands.

"Just such a one as I had given me on my eighteenth birthday!

"I used to carry it wherever I went, but one day I was out in a boat with a lot of young people, and some one dropped it over-board, and that was the last of it.

"I can't understand how you happen to be carrying one just like it in these days," Aunt Martha said in a dazed kind of way.

"This was Grandmamma Ansdell's when she was young," May explained, brightly, "and mamma said I might have it for mine. I'm knitting lace," she went on, as my aunt continued to gaze at her like one in a dream, "so I thought I'd bring it with me, and work while we talked."

"To be sure, my dear.

"Sit here by me," said Aunt Martha, drawing out the easiest chair and seating May in it.

All this time I had stood by, so astounded by the old lady's amiability that I hardly comprehended what was being said. Had she suddenly lost her mind, or was May bewitching her?

They were soon deep in the mysteries of lace-making, and Aunt Martha brought out piece after piece of lace yellow with age.

"All my own work when I was a girl," she said; and May pronounced them lovely, and asked to copy some of the patterns. Never had I seen Aunt Martha in such a mood as this, and I could only be thankful, and hope for it to last.

"Rob, the poor old goose, doesn't seem to appreciate lace-work," May said, with a side-long glance at me.

"That's so," replied Aunt Martha, evidently agreeing on the goose question.

"And he can go about his business, if he has any."

I left, and only returned in time to take dinner with them, rightly judging that they would get along as well without me.

"Your aunt has given me the loveliest hand-embroidered handkerchief!" May informed me.

"And she is going to teach me to do the same kind of embroidery.

"Oh, I have had a delightful afternoon!" she went on, turning to Aunt Martha, "and I shall come again very soon."

"Robert," said my aunt, as May was trying on her quaint bonnet to go home, "Mabel looks very much as I did at her age."

This was the worst insult of all, but I bore it without a murmur, and May exclaimed impulsively, "I hope I shall look as nice as you when I get to be your age!"

I actually thought I saw tears in Aunt Martha's eyes when May threw her arms around her neck and kissed her good-night, and her voice certainly trembled as she said, "Good-night, my dear child. God bless and keep you!"

"Rob, has your Aunt Martha any property?" inquired May, soon after we commenced our homeward walk.

"Yes, I believe she has a little," I answered, hypocritically.

"Then I am sure she intends giving some of it to you.

"She asked me how I expected to live as the wife of a poor man, and I said I should be very economical.

"I told her we were going to work together and make money; that I should do most of my own work, and all that.

"She chuckled, and nodded her head, and kept saying, 'We shall see—we shall see!' and I couldn't help thinking she meant to do something for you.

"I hope she will, Rob, for your sake. I don't like to think of your toiling behind that desk to make a bare living for us."

Then I told her all about the twenty thousand which I had not the slightest doubt would now be mine.

"And all because you are the dearest, sweetest, and most sensible little woman in the whole world," I declared.

"No," contradicted May.

"It's because fashion, like history, repeats itself.

"If the old styles had not become new, I shouldn't have had my dress made in this delightful, old-fashioned way, nor should I have been carrying Grandmamma Ansdell's work-bag, nor should I have been knitting lace such as your Aunt Martha made so long ago; and you know very well, Rob, that it was all this that pleased the dear old lady."

"Then we'll call it Providence working in our behalf, and be thankful for evermore," I said.

"And you will do something for your cousins, who will be terribly disappointed?" pleaded tender-hearted May.

"Certainly," I replied.

"I always intended to help them if the money came to me."

The next day Aunt Martha informed me that I might start in any branch of business that I desired, and she would furnish the money.

"You have some business tact," she said, condescendingly, "and with such a wife as Mabel Ansdell, you can't go far wrong."

I thanked her heartily, and kissed her to emphasize my thanks, at which she was greatly incensed, and told me not to make a fool of myself.

Bert came over that morning

I fancied he was a little anxious to know how Aunt Martha liked May

She did not keep him long in suspense, but sounded her praises until he appeared to grow tired of listening.

"Wait until you see the girl I have my eye on," he said, lightly.

"You couldn't find one like Mabel Ansdell if you searched the whole world. Why, I never shall forget how I felt when she walked in here yesterday.

"She looked like some dear old picture stepped down out of a frame.

"It brought back the days of my youth—it did indeed!" declared Aunt Martha, verging on the poetical.

The old lady has never lost her good opinion of May, but always looks upon her with especial favor.

She is losing some of her sharpness of tongue and temper, too.

I think she is ashamed to indulge before May, who is good-nature and sunshine itself.

If she keeps on improving, she will be quite a lovable old lady; but however that may be, May and I can never forget how much we owe her.

Scientific and Useful.

WARTS.—A correspondent of the British Medical Journal states that he has found the application of a strong solution of chromic acid three or four times, by means of a camel's-hair pencil, to be the most efficient and easy method of removing warts. They become black, and soon fall off.

THE MICROSCOPE.—Microscopes have been tried with the Swan incandescent lamp, instead of the ordinary oil one, and with marked success. A small lamp of two or three candles in power is rigidly attached to the microscope, and then the current is sent through at will, giving a pure light without any of the drawbacks of great heat, smell, unsteadiness of any kind, or any necessity for cleaning.

ORANGE-PEEL.—An English gentleman claims to have succeeded in applying orange-peel to a very useful purpose. Orange-peel dried in or on an oven until all the moisture has been expelled becomes readily inflammable, and serves admirably for lighting fires or for resuscitating them when they have nearly gone out. Thoroughly dried orange-peel will keep for a long time, and might be collected when the fruit is in season, and stored for winter use.

BUILDING-STONE.—To determine the value of building-stone, a meditation among the tombs is a very good thing, and a capital article on the "life" of stone used for public or private structures could not fail to be written upon what might be observed in humble village graveyards or splendid city cemeteries. In far fewer years than most people imagine, monuments erected to last to the resurrection, are in ruins—before the grandsons of "the poor inhabitants below" are dead.

PRESERVING SILVER.—A foreign technical journal gives a simple recipe for preserving silver and plated articles from turning black, as they invariably will if not kept constantly in use. The same plan could with advantage be applied, we should think, to any metal subject to change or rust from the action of the atmosphere. Plain collodion—that is, not photographic collodion—is diluted with twice its bulk of spirits of wine, and applied to the surface of the metal with a soft brush. The spirit soon evaporates, leaving an imperceptible and transparent skin, which can when required be removed with hot water.

Farm and Garden.

BIRDS AND INSECTS.—A young robin in the nest requires a daily supply of food more than equivalent to its own weight. The swallows are the natural enemies of the midges and similar small insects that prey on grain. It is estimated that the nestlings of a single pair of swallows will in three weeks consume half a million insects. Blue birds protect fruit trees from insects. The king bird is strictly insectivorous, and a great protector. Wrens can be induced to remain near houses, if suitable boxes are provided, and they war without ceasing upon caterpillars.

OATMEAL.—Oatmeal is said to be excellent for calves, and some are successful in feeding wheat shorts, but both are usually too coarse to be drank with safety with milk. They should be fed dry; then there will be little danger from overeating, which is not the case if given in the milk. We are aware that the results of a single experiment, and even of a number of experiments must be taken with caution in forming conclusions, but we certainly feel that we can speak very favorably of rye meal, both as a regulator and as a safe food for mixing with the skimmed milk used for raising calves by artificial methods. It is a subject that must interest a large number of farmers.

HAMS.—A process of curing hams, practiced by some of the leading packing houses, consists in creating the smoke in an oven outside of the smoke-house and passed through underground pipes into it. The smoke, rising from the floor to the top of the house, encounters two opposite currents of air drawn from the outside. These currents cause the smoke to form into a rapidly-revolving horizontal column which passes among the hams. The smoke is not warm, and there is no heat to melt the hams, or hot air to blacken them. The hams under this particular process are smoked in very much less time than by the old method.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 9, 1883.

NOW IS THE TIME TO RAISE CLUBS.

A GRAND OFFER!

A Copy of our Beautiful Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," to each subscriber, whether single or in clubs.

Presenting the Bride!

The original Oil-Painting of which our Premium is an exact copy sold for $15,000, and to-day graces the walls of the finest private gallery in America. It is printed on the best and heaviest paper, and covers more than five hundred square inches. It contains twenty-seven colors, which with the variety of shading produced by the Photo-Oleograph process, make it a veritable transcript from life, and it combines in itself all the beautiful coloring of the oil painting, the clearness of outline of the steel engraving, with the naturalness of the photograph. The most delicate details of color and expression are brought out with startling vividness, and only on the closest examination is the mind satisfied that it is not a photograph colored by hand.

As to THE POST, there are few in this country, or any other country, who are not familiar with it. Established in 1821, it is the oldest paper of its kind in America, and for more than half a century it has been recognized as the Leading Literary and Family Journal in the United States. For the coming year we have secured the best writers of this country and Europe, in Prose and Verse, Fact and Fiction.

A record of sixty years of continuous publication proves its worth and popularity. THE POST has never missed an issue. Its Fiction is of the highest order—the best original Stories, Sketches and Narratives of day. It is perfectly free from the degrading and polluting trash which characterizes many other so-called literary and family papers. It gives more for the money, and of a better class, than any other publication in the world. Each volume contains, in addition to its well-edited departments, twenty-five first-class Serials, by the best living authors, and upwards of five hundred short Stories. Every number is replete with useful information and Amusement, comprising Tales, Adventures, Sketches, Biography, Anecdotes, Statistics, Facts, Recipes, Hints, Cautions, Poetry, Science, Art, Philosophy, Manners, Customs, Proverbs, Problems, Experiments, Personals, News, Wit and Humor, Historical Essays, Remarkable Events, New Inventions, Curious Ceremonies, Recent Discoveries, and a complete report of all the latest Fashions, as well as all the novelties in Needlework, and fullest and freshest information relating to all matters of personal and home adornment, and domestic matters. To the people everywhere it will prove one of the best, most instructive, reliable and moral papers that has ever entered their homes.

TERMS:

$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE,

Including a Copy of the beautiful Oleograph, "PRESENTING THE BRIDE."

CLUBS.

2 copies one year (and "Presenting the Bride" to each).....				$ 3 50
3 copies one year	"	"	..	5 00
4 copies one year	"	"	..	6 00
5 copies one year	"	"	..	8 50
10 copies one year	"	"	..	15 00
20 copies one year	"	"	..	28 00

☞An extra copy of the Paper and Oleograph free to a person sending a club of five or more.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Five Three-Cent Stamps Must be added to each subscription, to pay postage and packing on the picture.

The Premium cannot be purchased by itself; it can only be obtained in connection with THE POST. Only one Premium will be sent with each subscription. Where a second premium is desired, another subscription will have to be sent.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for bringing the paper to their notice. Remember, the getter-up of a club of five or more gets not only the Premium Oleograph, "PRESENTING THE BRIDE," free for his trouble, but a copy of the paper also.

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(Lock Box 5.) **726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.**

THE SPREAD OF ERROR.

How is it that certain very ugly errors and palpable falsities have attained such currency? What is it that floats them?

Perhaps it is the fact that, on the surface, they look so much like truths. Most persons are greatly influenced by outside appearances. A wooden pillar, painted and sanded, passes with them for solid stone. It is the gloss on the cloth, rather than the texture, which attracts them. It is "the way in which the thing is put" that convinces them. We are all of us, more or less, affected by the garb in which a doctrine is clothed. It is called by a sacred name, and therefore it must be true. Give it another title, and the charm is gone. Whenever a great lie gets possession of the public mind you may be almost sure that it is the counterfeit presentment of a great truth.

An error may be floated because it happens to fall in with the tone of the age and is the prevailing drift of thought. In quiet waters it would sink at once to the bottom, but it is floated for a while by the swiftness of the stream, on the surface of which it falls.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men;" and when that tide sets in full and strong, it may throw up some very strange objects on the shore. At the present moment there are great currents of thought which are swift enough and strong enough to sustain a great many things which a while ago would have been condemned by almost universal consent. Statements are received which our fathers would have treated with contempt and indignation; statements are denied that they received with pious veneration. The beliefs and disbeliefs of one age are often a great puzzle to the generation which comes after.

And then, again, old errors which had been lost from sight for ages and thought to be extinct, are revived, perhaps in a somewhat new form, because they fall in with some freak of the age, which is very difficult to explain.

You cannot always tell when an error is actually dead. It may lie dormant for a long time, and then suddenly revive again. Error travels in a circle, and sometimes appears at one point of the compass, and sometimes at another, while it is still the same old lie.

One particular class of errors may be floated on the waves of an epidemic. There is a moral contagion in the atmosphere, and happy is he who escapes its influence. At such a time the air is full of absurdities, which are blown about hither and thither, like the withered leaves in autumn. The worst of it is, that in this condition of things, falsities put on the garb and assume the name of great and sacred truths, deceiving the very elect. Liberty degenerates into lawlessness, and the rights of man are invoked in defense of crime.

How it is that certain errors and delusions manage to live so long, and float so high, is one of the mysteries. To one unversed in science it would seem impossible that a copper ball could be made to float in the air, and he might not understand it any better if he were told that it is because the ball is filled with hydrogen.

A lump of lead may be made to float on the surface of the water, if it is only hammered out thin enough. Given a certain amount of gas, and the requisite degree of thinness, and you have the secret of a great many of our popular delusions and superstitions. A plausible lie has great tenacity of life.

SANCTUM CHAT.

INDIVIDUAL tea-pots are much used in China. The innovation is a sensible one, as each member of the family can exercise his own taste as regards the strength of the beverage, and even a late-comer is sure to get a hot cup of tea.

—

THE enlisted men of the United States army do not see clearly why they should not have "a retired list" after twenty-five years of faithful service. It does look as if the men who carry a gun and go afoot should be treated just as well as the men who ride and carry horse-pistols and have an officer's commission.

—

THE taste for frogs' legs is becoming so widespread that one dealer of Boston has set one hundred expert frog catchers at work in the New England States, and estimates that the demand this summer will be double that of last year. An experiment in breeding bullfrogs in England is about to be made, and a large supply of spawn will be sent over there next month.

—

A GERMAN physician has written a communication, which has been published in the London *Lancet*, advocating roller-skating as an exercise for children. It is especially recommended for those who are subject to bleeding from the nose, and the suggestion is made that a rink be established in connection with large schools.

—

THE latest swindling dodge: Two strangers, apparently, meet at a farmer's house, manage to stay over night if they can, and make a trade before they leave in the morning, in which the farmer's name is wanted as a witness to the contract, which afterwards turns up as promissory note fixed up in a sum satisfactory to the sharpers.

—

A COMPANY has been formed in Vienna to undertake the general business of washing windows. It is likewise prepared to execute orders for the scrubbing of house-fronts and vestibules, and the cleansing of mirrors and show-cases, and doubtless for all kindred operations. Under proper guarantees such an undertaking might be made to pay in any large city.

—

IN Berlin cars do not, as in American cities, stop anywhere at the beck or whistle of persons desiring to take passage, but only at certain places along the line. The cars are comfortably furnished, but the driver is almost constantly ringing a big alarm bell, which is very annoying. Women skip on and off the cars in motion with all the grace and agility of a newsboy. They also share with the men the prerogative of riding on the platforms.

—

THE Chicago *Tribune* gives these figures: Chicago has 300 churches, against 5,242 liquor saloons; 400 clergymen, evangelists and lay-readers, and 5,500 bartenders; only a half dozen art galleries, and 50 variety theatres. Out of 100,000 buildings 8,000 are used for immoral purposes; $1,500,000 are spent for schools, $15,000,000 for liquor, $800,000 for police, perhaps $1,000,000 for religious worship and charity; $15,000,000 for that which destroys both soul and body.

—

A LANGUAGE CLUB has been formed in New York to effect a reform in English spelling. Its present purpose is moderate. The members aim only to have unnecessary letters dropped from words, and for this purpose they pledge themselves to set a good example in private life. Everybody is agreed that our "spells" need reforming, but most people are content to let future generations make the changes and stand the brunt of the resulting confusion of tongues.

—

OF all ugly collections the palm undoubtedly belongs to one lately exhibited in the north of London. It was nothing but an array of cigar-stumps picked up during the last seven years in the metropolitan thoroughfares. The collector reckons that he has traveled in that time nearly 12,000 miles on foot, and has appropriated not fewer than 600,000 discarded cigar-stumps, averaging in length an inch and a half each. But utility, not beauty, was his object; and he valued his stock at $9,000.

—

MORE than twelve months ago a "perpetual" clock was started at Brussels. An updraught is obtained in a tube or shaft by exposing it to the sun; this draught turns a fan, which winds up the weight of the clock until it reaches the top, when it actuates a brake to stops the fan, but leaves it free to start again when the weight has gone down a little. This clock was keeping good time in April, after running continuously for nine months.

—

THERE are four nations that are paying their way, and no more. England generally manages to makes ends meet, and show a surplus of several millions to go toward reducing her vast national debt. The United States puts by every year nearly fifty times as much, in spite of Congressional extravagance and the enormous pension list. Holland and Belgium both keep about even. Every other nation in the civilized world is steadily running in debt, many of them with fearful rapidity. Wars and munitions of war; armies and navies, and the withdrawal of able-bodied men from productive pursuits, are the chief causes of the failure of nations to make their revenues balance their expenditures, even with severe taxation of the people.

—

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard, thinks it would be a great improvement in the relation between minister and congregation, "if the minister were frankly allowed sometimes to comment upon a fresh book instead of preaching a sermon, sometimes to read other men's sermons instead of his own, and, in general, to direct his hearers to good reading, and bring them to know something of the minds and works of the leaders of the race, living and dead."

—

A FINE floor laid in a gold-worker's shop in ten years becomes worth $150 per foot. A Syracuse jeweler once bought for less than $50 some sweepings which gave $208 worth of gold. A tub in his cellar into which is blown the dust from a polishing lathe, accumulates $50 a year. A workman in his shop carried off on the tip of his moistened finger $30 worth of filings in a few weeks. Workmen sometimes oil their hair and then run their fingers through it, leaving deposit of gold particles, which they afterwards wash out.

—

THERE are in the United States about 100,000 miles of railway, employing from 2,000 to 3,500 ties to the mile. The ties last from five to eight years; consequently, from thirty to fifty million ties a year will be required to maintain existing roads, unless some better means of preserving the wood is discovered, or some one invents a tie of other material as well adapted to the purpose as wooden ties are. The product of an acre of woodland is about five hundred ties, and it takes about thirty years to grow a tree of the required size; hence, from sixty to one hundred thousand acres will have to be cut every year, and from two to three million acres of forest will be required to keep up the supply. How this supply can be kept up without planting, it is impossible to see.

—

A CORRESPONDENT says: "I remember years ago seeing a dried specimen of house fly sent to Boston in a letter, as a great rarity there—the only one the sender had seen in a year's residence at Manilla. As this is the constant accompaniment of man, and a sure sign of his presence or vicinity, I was at a loss to account for its absence. It is not even found in the sugar yards in any great numbers. I now see why it should be so rare, viz., because it could not of itself pass over the six hundred miles of the windy China Sea, and the few which might be transported in vessels, if they get ashore from their distant anchorage, would be kept from multiplying by their numerous enemies—bats, spiders, toads, birds, lizards, and different reptiles. Some days I would not see one, and rarely more than two, around the table. Were they common, with the other insect pests, life would be almost unbearable in these islands."

—

A CHARACTERISTIC of modern benevolence is its recognition of the solidarity of human society. By virtue of this fact, man can no longer be regarded as a self-poised, isolated unit, whose character is the result of his own determination, but as the creature of his environment. Two fruitful inferences proceed from this principle; first, the inadequacy of mere physical instrumentalities to work a change in the condition of the debased, since these do not reach their fellowships; and secondly, the complicity of society in the evils of its wretched classes. Outlawry is a fiction; the word of the magistrate cannot undo the deed of God. For weal or harm, every living soul is an integral part of society; his deterioration is a disorder in the whole body. Probably these conclusions have not been formulated in the minds of many wise and effective disciples of charity, but they emerge none the less for all careful investigations into the situation and requirements of the miserable, and they are disclosed in the strenuous efforts of thoughtful philanthropists to reform the institutions and methods of the community, as an indispensable perquisite to the reformation of persons.

THE IDEAL WIFE.

Somewhere in the world must be
She that I have prayed to see,
She that Love assigns to me.

Somewhere Love, her lord and king,
Over her is scattering
Fragrance from his purple wing.

By the brink of summer streams
I have dreamed delicious dreams;
What I will, my sweet one seems.

In the sheen of autumn skies
I have pictured sunny eyes,
Till the thought too quickly dies.

When the winter fire burns low,
Lovely faces come and go
As the dying ashes glow.

'Tis her voice I hear so oft
In the music low and soft
That the western breezes waft.

Tell her, Love, that years fly fast,
Bid her come to me at last,
Ere the golden days are past.

Shall we ever, ever meet?
Shall I find in thee, my sweet,
Visions true and life complete?

Whisper low to Love apart,
Whisper darling, where thou art,
Perfect wife and noble heart.

A Railway Romance.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

I WAS seated in a railway car waiting for the train to start; I was cool and comfortable; my neatly-gloved hands were folded in my lap; I was serenely, though almost unconsciously, conscious of looking well.

Though not particularly vain, I knew I was rather a pretty girl; a small, trim brunette, with satiny dark hair, good dark eyes and a nice complexion.

My eyes, I suppose, were not fiery, or languishing, or anything else that was remarkable; but they passed for pretty eyes in their way.

I was not richly dressed—very plainly, in fact—but for that I cared not a pin, knowing I looked all the more lady-like and "stylish" therefore; for my dark dress fitted perfectly, and all the appointments were suitable.

Refinement exacts no finery.

There is no vanity, now, in these reminiscences of my girlhood. Certainly I was not rich or proud.

I was going out of town this morning to give a music-lesson; but I was not in the least ashamed of that fact.

I had arrived at the station too early, as my watch happened to be fast, and now I sat in an almost empty car, with the prospect of waiting ten or fifteen minutes longer.

There were few travellers at this hour of the day.

I looked forward with pleasure to seeing my pupil, Lucy Reeves, who was also my friend.

I smiled as I thought of her; I wanted to tease her again about Bob Curtis.

The latter was, in my eyes, a model young man, and he was very fond of Lucy; but she was perverse.

He was an excellent fellow, she owned—and here she blushed—but he was too precise for her.

"Why, Helen, he actually picks up pins," she exclaimed.

"Fancy a man seeing a pin on the carpet! He's the sort of man, I know, who would go mooning about a house, flipping off specks of dust, opening closet doors, and saying 'Disgraceful!' if he found a finger-mark on a window-pane, or a row of books a trifle out of line.

"Books!

"I don't believe he was ever guilty of turning down a leaf or making a pencil-mark on the margin in his life!"

"Well, he ought not to be," I answered.

Now, I was very precise, and wonderfully "handy about a house."

"Oh, Helen Irving," cried Lucy, "then you don't love books!

"You might as well be afraid to kiss your mother for fear of rumpling her lace collar!

"Will you ever learn that thing were made for people, not people for things?"

Lucy and I always disputed in this manner.

"But, Lucy, it is nonsense about Bob Curtis," I said.

"You saw him stop and pick up a pin once, and you can't forgive it."

"No, I can't," she replied, rather sadly. "I cannot like a man who cares for trifles. Why, a man ought to——"

"Have a soul above buttons! What a goose you are!" I said, laughing.

"I wish you knew Barton Halliday," she exclaimed—but this time she didn't blush. "He's the dearest old harum-scarum fellow! I do believe his mother has to tie his white neck-tie when he wears full-dress.

"He tells the most comical stories about absence of mind—how he turned on the gas, and applied a match without striking it and wondered why he couldn't get a light; and how he once went out without a——"

"Oh, for pity's sake stop!" I entreated, wildly.

"But do let me ask you how the excellent creature gets on in business?"

"Not at all!

"He's an artist, though not an over-ambitious one, which shows his sense. He does lovely crayon-heads and illustrations; and he's quite a mechanical genius, always making something in wood.

"But he need never work; he has plenty of money."

"Well, you have certainly added the finishing touch to your attractive sketch!" I exclaimed.

"An artist!—and an idler! A man that never picks up a pin—oh, no! Why don't you marry this paragon?"

"Marry Barton Halliday!" she laughed. "Why, we played together when we were children!

"He lives out here, you know. We're not at all in love with each other, I assure you.

"But I just wish you could see him, that's all!

"Next summer, when you have time to stay here with me——"

"Thank you," I said; "the prospect of meeting such a being quite overwhelms me!

"No, you may have him.

"The idea of comparing an industrious fellow like Bob!"

But here Lucy flushed up, and interrupted petulantly, "Well, I'm sure you can have him, if you're so much in love with him!

"It's a great pity he hangs about me, when you're almost ready to fly into his arms!"

At first I was inclined to be angry at this; but I reflected for a moment, and smiled.

"Never mind, Lucy—you'll do!" I said, insinuatingly.

"What do you mean?" she retorted.

But I only nodded and laughed, and looked mysterious.

All this happened after the last lesson I had given her.

We always had a little time to talk.

I enjoyed these lessons exceedingly, for she was my only "grown-pupil"—being but a few years younger than myself.

After neglecting music, she had suddenly taken a notion to "begin," and had generously employed her poor acquaintance, Helen Irving.

Now I thought of that last conversation, and laughed to myself.

Suddenly, however, my meditations were interrupted by the hurried uprising of an old lady, who had taken a seat on the sunny side of the car, opposite to me.

She jumped up, looked anxiously towards the window on my side, dropped several bundles, wildly waved a large umbrella, and struggled to get out of her seat, stumbling over the bundles as she did so. She looked so comical that I longed to laugh; but I turned to her instead, saying, "Are you looking for anyone, madam?"

"Was that a tall, fair young man, with light hair, that looked in at the car-window just now?" she asked, anxiously.

"Yes," I replied.

"Did he have on a light overcoat?"

"Yes."

"I thought it would be him! There, now, I've missed him!

"I took a seat on this side, because I think the sun's healthy coming in on your back, and I thought I should see my son passing along the platform; but just then I saw the top of a bell-crowned hat goin' along towards the station, and think, says I, 'There now, that's him! He's gone back to look for me. If I'd only 'a sat on the platform side!'

"He was very tall, you say, and very fair?"

"Very tall and very fair," I assented, much amused.

"Rosy cheeks?"

"Yes."

"That's him!—that's him! I must go after him!"

And the train stopping at that moment, she gathered up her goods and chattels with much demonstration of haste and difficulty—I assisting her as well as I could—and made her way out of the car.

She had not been gone two minutes before that very tall, fair young man came walking in.

In my sympathy for her, I started up impulsively, and said, "Excuse me, sir, but an elderly lady who saw you pass at the station is looking for you very anxiously. She says you are her son; she went out hoping to meet you."

He looked at me eagerly with a pair of bright, clear blue eyes.

He was a very big and boyish-looking, with light wavy hair, loose enough to blow about a little, a fine complexion, slightly tanned and ruddy, and a certain easy careless grace about him, most remote from self-consciousness.

"Really!" he exclaimed, impetuously as a child, "my mother looking for me! I'm so much obliged to you! She went that way, you say? Thank you—thank you very much!"

He never stopped to ask a question, but lifted his hat hurriedly, and dashed off like a boy.

By this time the car had filled up a little, and in a few seconds started.

I wondered much whether the mother and son had found each other.

* * * * * *

My brief sojourn with Lucy was not so pleasant as usual on that day.

After the lessons several visitors came in, and we had no time to talk, so I did not tell her about my old lady, &c.

But the adventure had not yet ended. On my return to town, as I passed through the station after leaving the train, whom should I meet but the "tall, fair young man in the light overcoat."

He looked flushed and anxious, and more eager than ever.

His eyes brightened up when he saw me, and he walked rapidly up to me, saying, "I beg your pardon, but will you kindly tell me whether you saw my mother again in that train?

"I haven't been able to find her, and I'm so anxious!"

"I did not see her, indeed!" I answered, becoming much interested; "but you know I might easily have missed her.

"If she intended going out to——, she probably gave up trying to find you, and got in the train again."

"Do you think so?" he cried, catching at the idea.

"It is probable, isn't it? I wonder what brought her to town!

"But I do think she would naturally have gone home.

"I am going to take this train back—it starts in a minute.

"What could have brought her? I can't help feeling anxious!"

"I am very sorry," I said. "But I don't think you need fear; no harm could happen to her."

"You are very kind," he said, cordially. There was something very nice and endearing about this young man: one's heart warmed to him instinctively.

Suddenly I had an idea.

"Perhaps it wasn't your mother, after all!" I exclaimed.

"She only saw your hat—she was on the other side—but she described you to me as a tall, fair——"

"Why, perhaps it wasn't!" he cried, fairly sparkling with excitement.

"Why, how funny of me to never think of that!

"I ought to have asked you what she was like."

We both laughed heartily.

"Well," I said, beginning to deserte her, "she was——"

"By Jupiter!" suddenly exclaimed my companion, darting towards the train as it began to move off.

Then he paused for an instant, at his peril, exclaiming, with a brilliant smile, "I beg your pardon, but I must go by this train.

"Good-bye—thank you!"

The last words were almost shouted as he sprang upon the platform.

I stood stupidly looking after him, holding my breath with horror at his rapid and dangerous leap.

The train thundered away, and I went home, smiling to myself at this adventure with a strange young man.

Could this be sober Helen Irving? But this was not the end of it, else why should I write the story?

The next time I went out to give Lucy a lesson, I saw a tall figure crossing the platform.

The day was stormy, and he was holding on his hat with one hand, and his fair curls were blowing in the wind.

I could not mistake the clear-colored somewhat bronzed face and eager blue eyes.

I saw the latter sparkle as he entered and glanced at me; and I guessed by his manner that he intended speaking to me.

"This will never do!" I thought. "We have no knowledge of each other, and have never been introduced!

"I must repel him."

I bowed very slightly and coldly as he lifted his hat, but he had already begun to address me.

"If you will pardon me once more," he said, with a manner so courtly, so deferential, yet so bright that it was irresistibly winning, "if you will pardon me once more, I must tell you such a good joke! It was not my mother at all whom you saw—she was at home all the time!"

I reddened violently.

I had addressed him to no purpose; what would he think? How could I—I—have been so rash!

"I most earnestly beg your pardon!" I said, distressfully, yet with extreme dignity.

"I certainly would never have spoken to you if——"

"If you hadn't thought I was a lost child!" he answered quickly. "Why of course you wouldn't!

"It was pure kindness on your part. Now I have distressed you, I understand; I should not have told you. What a blundering fellow I am!"

"Not at all," I said, still courteously, but very stiffly.

"The mistake was mine, and I am very much obliged to you——"

"Yours!" he interrupted again; "why, it was entirely my fault! I never asked you to describe the lady!"

Here he broke into such a hearty fit of laughter, that I could not help joining in it, and for a moment we indulged in sociable hilarity.

Then I recollected myself.

"Such a capital joke!" he exclaimed. "Please regard it so, and don't let it trouble you."

I bowed stiffly again, but said nothing.

"If you ever see that elderly female again——" he began, looking at me, as he leaned his hand on the back of the car; but here he saw that something was wrong, and paused.

I looked steadily out of the window. Then he spoke again, more quietly.

"It seems that I owe you another apology; I have been very thoughtless.

"I should not have spoken to a lady with whom I could claim no formal acquaintance. It happened itself, somehow"—with his bright smile—"but I am sure you know I did not intend a shadow of discourtesy?"

"Certainly!" I replied to this questioning tone.

My manner said, "This is enough—now go!"

But he lingered.

"I wish I had a good chance to convince you!" he said.

"I wonder if we could not strike up a mutual acquaintanceship."

I looked up sternly.

"I must request you to be considerate, sir!"

"I have offended you again!" He looked unhappy.

"I am so sorry! I will go out at the next station.

"But one word—do you know Miss Lucy Reeves?"

"I am her music teacher," I answered, curtly and coldly.

His face fairly beamed.

"Ah!" said he, as the train stopped; "once more I beg ten thousand pardons! Good-morning."

He bowed with incomparable grace, and was gone.

Of this last interview I mentioned it to no one.

I began to sleep badly, and to think too much.

Was this I, Helen Irving?

If so, was that young lady growing sentimental?

On the occasion of my next journey, my heart-beats seemed to keep time with the jarring train.

The "tall, fair young man" did not appear, however; but the old lady did.

I went up to her on the platform, saying, "Did you find your son that day?"

"Yes, my dear; thank ye kindly! There he comes now."

I looked up and saw a long, lank, red-haired youth, in a light overcoat of ghastly tint, with a bell-crowned felt hat on the back of his head.

I murmured something to myself, and retreated.

"Oh, how he would laugh, if he knew! I felt quite wretched.

"How solemn you are!" said Lucy that day.

"I am thinking of the woes of Mr. Robert Curtis," I replied.

Before she had time to answer, the servant brought in a card.

The piano was in the back parlor, and through the half-closed doors we saw a visitor enter.

The name on the card was "Barton Halliday."

Lucy sprang up, and crying, "Never mind the the lesson; come!" she dragged me into the sitting-room.

I saw a "tall, fair young man in a light overcoat," with a pair of very bright blue eyes.

So this was Lucy's heedless friend—an artist, as I had said, and an idler!

I felt a mingled thrill of keen joy and pain.

"I knew I should manage it!" he cried, gleefully as a boy.

Then the astonished Lucy had to hear the whole story, and we had the merriest time over it.

We parted the best of friends.

Life was changed to me after the beginning of my intimacy with Barton Halliday.

I could not forget his character as Lucy had drawn it, and as I saw it sometimes in its more prominent developments.

A great simple-hearted, eager, heedless boy!

How I tried to despise him!

Yet in my soul I knew that there was a rare beauty in his nature, a perfect cleanness and sincerity, a singleness of mind, a gentleness and uprightness, that marked him a true knight among a world of sordid and unchivalrous men.

He was rich, but unspoiled, and generous to a degree.

My mother loved him dearly, and not for his money; for she was an unworldly, simple little mother.

He was very lovable.

Still I tried to look upon him with a certain good humored contempt, and seemed to succeed.

When, therefore, he asked me to be his wife, I refused him.

Oh, what wretched days and nights I spent after that!

How his image haunted me, as I had seen him in his boyish brightness, and in the cruel grief I had inflicted upon him!

The thought of him tugged at my heart-strings until I knew at last that it was no use to resist—he was unutterably dear to me.

I sent for him then, and said, "Barton, will you take an unkind, capricious girl?"

We have been married now for some years.

I often laugh when I compare my mother-in-law—a beautiful, delicate, old lady, like a white rose about to drop—with that stout, anxious, worthy soul who could not find her "tall" fair son!

As for my husband, he has teased me a great deal with his carelessness, but he is so gentle and gay withal that patience is easy.

He is a shade more careful now, and I am less precise, which they say is an improvement.

My husband has taught me much; I will relate one instance of his wisdom.

I was preserving one day, and very tired and busy, when my tiny daughter ran in, wanting to tell me or ask me something—a childish trifle, of course—and I said to her, not sternly, "Run away now, Nell; mother is busy."

My husband heard me; he had come into the kitchen to speak to me.

He whispered, "Can't Jane stir that?"

"Jane? No! I can't trust her with this jelly.

"Would you have it ruined?"

"Nell," said her father, "go into the library, darling, and wait a minute for papa; he's got some pictures to show you."

The child pattered joyously away, and Barton said to me, with inexpressible ten-

derness, "Helen, which is best, that we should have good jelly, or that you should watch every movement of that little unfolding soul?"

I pondered for an instant; I was a housewifely soul.

Then I called out—

"Jane, come here.

"Leave your cleaning now, and stir this jelly."

Giving her a few more directions, I left her, and went with Barton, saying only, "I think you are always right!"

But indeed he is not always right—though it was a noble lesson he taught me then.

However, we did not have very good jelly.

But it mattered little—I have discovered that I can't waste time over such things; the children want me.

I have only one thing more to say.

My friend Lucy Reeves married Mr. Robert Curtis, and neither of them ever seems to regret it.

We are very polite to each other in regard to our respective marriages.

There is good material for teasing on both sides, and we dare not use it to the fullest advantage, so each maintains a discreet reserve.

The Doctor's Fall.

BY PERCY VERE.

"OH DEAR!" syllabled a silvery voice, with soft emphasis, "I wish something would happen!"

It was dull at the Tamaracks, the great house and wide acres of grassland belonging to Phebe's grandfather, old Squire Rane.

Thrifty Jinny would set the house in order by nine o'clock, and retire to her bedroom adjoining the kitchen to braid straw; after which there would be no sound on the premises for hours.

The mid-day lunch would be eaten as in a dream, supper appear by enchantment.

So, without bustle or life, were the quiet days at the Tamaracks.

The squire was old, and did not like a no so, and old Jinny was used to his ways.

It seemed to eighteen-year-old Phebe sometimes that the rust of this life was eating into her very soul.

She had come from New York an orphan two years before, and because her grandfather graciously gave her a home, had earnestly sought to adapt her to the ways of the house.

Yet but for the garden she would have died.

The garden was beautiful, with its flowering shrubbery, and vines of rose, woodbine, and trumpet-flower.

The beds she could do as she chose with, so the squire said.

So she had bordered them with pinks, and set them full of verbenas and geraniums.

She had a triangle of heart's ease, and a circle of violets, and there was a little arbor, covered with blue wisteria, wherein she sat to sew, and wherein she had made her grandfather a whole set of fine shirts.

But the shirts were done, the geraniums and heart's-ease cultivated to the last degree of perfection, and the August days began to seem interminable to Phebe.

She put the yellow old sitting-room in order, and then sat down idly in it until she was almost crazy.

She went to walk along the roads, and believed she could hear the trees growing in the stillness.

She read the entire volume of Watts' hymns, and wrote letters to all her old school-friends.

Then it seemed as if something must happen, or she would commit some desperate act.

Pretty little Phebe! she looked as forlorn as she felt, sitting in a corner of a big, high-backed, yellow damask armchair, her slender, slippered feet on a quaint, round footstool, her piquant face in the shadow of her fair, rippling hair—all in "love-locks"—her cherry mouth dropped at the corners.

And the weather was bad enough to be to blame for half of it—beaten hot days, a fortnight of them, with not a drop of rain.

No wonder our little maid was nerveless and sad.

But while pretty Phebe sat adroop in the big yellow armchair, there was a change in the sky.

A troop of dark clouds came sailing up from the west, and a restless wind began to stir the woodbine about the casement.

Phebe lifted herself with a brighter look, as the drops began to patter down—the drops of a hurrying shower.

It began to pelt the garden with a good will, while the thunder rolled ominously, and the lightning's "tremulous skeins" grew broader, until its glare filled the yellow sitting-room painfully from time to time.

But Phebe was not nervous or timid, borrowed no trouble or fear, and finally the tumult of the shower abated.

The woodbine, bright, green, and glowing again, seemed trying to shake a little murmur of thankfulness from among its multitude of leaves, while there floated up such an incense from the garden, that a look of pleasure dawned in Phebe's eyes, bringing back their blue.

Suddenly, on the wide hall stairs, was heard the tramp, tramp of heavy feet, and, as the young girl started up in surprise, two men entered, and laid a lifeless form at her feet.

Something had happened with a vengeance.

The two laborers who had borne this burden stepped back silently.

Squire Rane's field hands, though ignorant enough, were not without feeling, and the calm white face, without life or motion, save for the pleasant breeze stirring the ebon curls on the white forehead, was sad enough.

"He's young, isn't he?" whispered one of the men; "but I guess he's done for fast enough.

"Here comes the squire."

Phebe, in her involuntary terror, had been listening to her grandfather's slow, feeble step upon the stairs.

She ran to him.

"What, you here, child? Run and call old Jinny.

"Strip him, men, and rub him—both of you.

"There's life in him yet.

"Phebe, send Dick like wildfire after the doctor!"

So the old man, who had been a very smart man in his day, set the servants at work upon the stranger.

But in vain they essayed to restore life to that motionless form.

The doctor came and shook his head.

All was over, he said.

Dr. Henry Richmond, nine-and-twenty years of age, resident physician of a neighboring town, had too surely met his death by his horse, terrified at the lightning, precipitating his carriage over a bank into the bed of the river, which, in the summer heats had run dry.

A dangerous spot, against which the villagers took the late precaution to place a strong railing.

But this availed little to the silent man, lying, without comment or complaint, in the best chamber at the Tamaracks.

Phebe trembled like a leaf all day, nor could she be induced to touch a mouthful of food.

"Lor', child," said old Jinny, "don't take it so hard!

"Death must come to all of us, an' very likely the young gentleman was prepared.

"He has a very noble-lookin' countenance.

"Heaven help his mother, if he has one," finished Jinny, with a sigh, for she had lost her only son, and she a widow, not many years before.

Jinny hung up the broom and turned her sleeves down over her hard-worked hands.

"Now the question is, who is going to sit up to-night, for his folks can't be got here till morning.

"Dick's gone over to Lowbridge to carry the news.

"The hands are all tuckered out with the extra work, this powerful hot weather, your grandfather's done-up with the excitement—an' well he may be at eighty years old—an' I'm too old to lose my sleep.

"There's nobody but you, an' you are——"

"I will sit up, Jinny.

"I am not afraid."

"Not afraid?"

No, she was not.

That she should ever sleep again seemed impossible to her, and she was averse to attempting it.

It would be torture to lie, painfully wide awake, upon her pillow, and she did not need rest.

Her grandfather's room and Jinny's were upon either side of the chamber where Doctor Richmond lay, and indeed there was nothing that was aught but prepossessing in that quiet face.

"He never knew what hurt him," she heard the men whisper among themselves, as some one remarked the composure of the dead man's countenance.

It was an unusual circumstance, truly, but so it was that this young girl sat up all night in the death-chamber.

All the doors were opened upon that floor on account of the heat, and "that Phebe might not feel lonely," as Jinny said.

The chamber was large and cool, with lights and flowers.

The scent of the pinks and lavender was peculiarly refreshing to Phebe, and she thought would assist her to keep awake, if at last she felt inclined to sleep.

The great house-dog, Nero, came stalking up from his station upon the door-mat in the hall and laid down at her feet, as she sat by the little stand between the windows trying to read.

She could not read very well, for she found that her head ached, and at last laid the book down.

At the opposite side of the chamber the dead man lay upon the bed.

There was nothing awful in his appearance, nor was he shrouded in the white of death.

His face, with its calmly-closed eyes, was turned a little towards the wall, but Phebe could mark the pale perfection of the profile.

At twelve o'clock her grandfather called her to bring him some water.

She went, filled the glass, turned his hot pillow, for he complained of not feeling well, and returned to his post.

One—two!

How slowly the hours went.

Her head continued to ache.

She went to the basin, bathed her temples in cold water, and began to gently walk the floor, for at last she felt the heaviness of sleep oppress her.

She stopped at last at the bedside, and bending a moment over the still face, wondered at death so like happy sleep, and involuntarily, with a thought she hardly realized, put her hand upon the pale brow.

No icy touch shocked her.

"The heat of the weather prevented that dreadful chill, I suppose," said Phebe.

"What soft, beautiful hair about his temples!

"I hope I shall look like that when I am dead!"

And then she went away with a sigh, and sat down wearily again by the little table, where the book and flowers were.

The chair was a quaint, high-backed one, and as Phebe rested her head against its faded embroidery and turned her face to the open window, from whence seemed to come the fresh air of dawn, a spell she could not resist seized her.

Phebe fell asleep.

After a long, silent hour or more, she woke with a start.

She sprang to her feet, and well she might stand petrified, with her gaze upon the bed, for the face upon the pillow was in profile no longer, but turned full upon her, with wide, brown eyes.

"My little guardian angel, don't be frightened.

"I am only better."

A voice as gentle as the face was Doctor Richmond's.

Phebe was not frightened, but after a moment slowly approached the bed.

"What—how—do—do you want anything?"

"Some water."

With a beating heart she brought it, and, after an instant's hesitation, as if he were not sure of the use of his arms, Doctor Richmond drank it.

"I have known everything," he said, "but I could not speak or move."

"How dreadful!" involuntarily.

"It was not at all dreadful.

"I know when you came here with your flowers.

"I could smell the pinks.

"I tried hard and found I was gaining a little.

"It was an hour after I could stir a finger before I could turn my head.

"The magnetism of your hand upon my forehead seemed to help me. It was afraid you would go away. Will you let me take your hand for a few moments?" very gently.

"I seem to need strength," with a deep sigh.

Phebe sat with her hand clasped in her patient's for a long hour before he gave her permission to call some one.

It was growing morning.

He was in a strange state—could talk well, and his mind was perfectly clear, but for several days could not stand when placed upon his feet.

Doctors came from far and near.

But he recovered, in spite of their croakings.

His will, with the help of a little time, conquered the weakness which they declared paralysis.

* * * * * *

A year later.

A cheerful company in the yellow sitting room.

The contrast of two figures—a fair and dark one—both handsome, which, side by side, seem to draw all eyes.

The room full of the scent of orange-blossoms.

The white-haired clergyman's carriage at the gate.

The reader will guess what happened next.

But I may do myself the pleasure of telling him—the happy marriage of Doctor Henry Richmond and sweet Phebe Rane, or as he fondly calls her, his "precious little guardian angel."

REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATIONS. — A young and energetic contemporary, says *The Judge*, notices, as a remarkable transformation, the fact that a man who was presented with a quart of whiskey immediately made a night of it.

We have observed many startling changes of the same sort.

A new bonnet was presented to an acquaintance of ours, and everybody remarked, directly she had put it on, that the bonnet became the lady.

Who has not noticed how readily a sheep may be turned into a field, and a door, by the mere act of shutting it, is made two.

A young lady—never mind her name—met a goat recently in a narrow lane, and without an instant's hesitation the animal turned to butter.

Under certain circumstances a door may become a jar, and we have observed instances in which men, a moment before similar in all essential particulars to the general run of humanity, suddenly became board.

Grocers frequently make the weights light, though they say there is no saving of gas in consequence, and money is habitually put up to serve the purpose of a steak.

These instances might be multiplied indefinitely, but enough has been said to show how frequently natural phenomena are occuring around us.

"£. s. d." was the religion with which three candid persons in the census of Victoria, Australia, credited themselves.

"Sound sleep and splendid appetite." This is one among the first reports that we get from patients.

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action, and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Brave Bob.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

"SAVE me! save me!"

Bob Acres pulled up short, nearly throwing his horse on his haunches.

The words were enough to startle stouter nerves than his, and it would have taken a far flintier heart to remain untouched in the presence of the lovely vision that burst upon his sight.

Imagine a distressed angel, with bedraggled skirts, emerging from a wayside copse and appealing passionately to your protection.

Wouldn't you, too, rein up and ask, as Bob did—

"My dear young lady, what's the matter?"

"Save me! save me!" repeated the distracted beauty, "from those who would cruelly compel the bestowal of my hand on one whom I detest, and tear me from him I fervently adore!"

The latent spirit of chivalry that had lain dormant in the blood of the Acres for indefinite generations was fully roused.

Without waiting to ask particulars, Bob leaped from his trap, and assisting the persecuted damsel to a place on the seat, sprang up beside her, and told "Tommy" to "go!"

"Where shall I take you?" inquired Bob, as they spun along at Tommy's best pace, and gazing interestedly at the fair girl.

Bob felt at this moment as if he would willingly have died for her.

"Anywhere," cried the lady, "beyond the reach of my oppressors!"

By snatches he gathered that the lady's name was Amelia Hargraves; that heartless relatives had locked her up from the man she loved, as a means of coercing her acceptance of another.

But at last she had effected her escape and would now surrender her liberty only with her life.

Amelia's dark eyes flashed as she recited her wrongs, and declared her resolution to endure them no longer.

Bob Acres listened with something of the admiring sympathy with which the fair Desdemona heard her swarthy charmer recount the "distressful strokes" his "youth had suffered."

Till now, Bob Acres would have backed his Mary Ann's beauty against the world.

From the day they were engaged, and long before, he had seen nothing in her but perfection.

Comparison with others had always been to her advantage.

But now, with the dazzling Amelia at his side, he began to wish that Mary Ann had just a little of the same dashing style.

Just then two men on horseback were seen approaching.

"Stop them!—stop them!" they cried.

"Traitor!" shrieked Amelia, springing to her feet, and glaring fiercely at Bob Acres.

"Is it for her, then, you would betray me?"

Bob, amazed at her words and frightened at her peril, strove to draw her back upon the seat.

But with a quick motion, she drew from a fold of her dress—not the traditionary dagger of the story-books, but a long, sharp carving-knife.

"Die, treacherous villain!" she exclaimed, raising her arm to strike.

Bob, in a vigorous effort to dodge, tugged the rein sideways, causing Tommy to make a short turn, oversetting the trap, and knocking his master senseless.

When Bob recovered consciousness, it was to find himself in bed with a bandaged head and a skin full of sore bones.

And the face bending over him—could it be?—surely it was Mary Ann's!

"She told me she was fleeing from some cruel relatives, and persuaded me to help her," said Bob.

"Do you know who she is?" inquired Mary Ann.

"No.

"Do you?" asked Bob.

"Yes."

"Who is she?"

"A lunatic who escaped last night from Rainhill Asylum, where she has remained confined ever since she killed her lover in a paroxysm of insanity."

The chivalry of the Acres' is likely to continue dormant for at least another generation.

AMELIA CRICKLANE was remanded at Bow Street, London, last week on a charge of attempting suicide. She had thrown herself into the Thames, near Cleopatra's Needle, when a dog ran down the steps, and plunging in, dragged the woman to the steps, where she was pulled on shore. The dog accompanied his master, Mr. Lyford, into the witness-box, and, standing on his hind legs, took a survey of the court-room.

Josh Billings Heard From.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 11, 1880.

Dear Bitters—I am here trying to breathe in all the salt air of the ocean, and having been a sufferer for more than a year with a refractory liver, I was induced to mix Hop Bitters with the sea gale, and have found the tincture a glorious result. * * * I have been greatly helped by the Bitters, and am not afraid to say so.

Yours without a struggle,

JOSH BILLINGS.

WHIMSICAL NOTICES.

EVERY one has heard the story of the thread-spinner who, having received a scratch upon his nose, made use of one of his bobbin labels in lieu of skin-plaster, and went about his business quite unconscious of the fact that he was claiming the possession of a much longer proboscis than ever Jumbo can hope to own. The improvised skin-plaster made the following announcement—"Warranted three hundred yards."

Although this tale may be a fiction, genuine public notices of a like humorous or ridiculous nature are by no means rare.

Adam Clarke relates that he saw exhibited outside an inn in Sweden this tantalizing notice to the weary traveller:

"You will find excellent bread, meat, and wine within, provided you bring them yourself."

Dean Alford relates that the following perspicuous notice to locomotive engineers was exhibited—for a short time only, let us hope—at one of our railway stations:

"Hereafter, when trains moving in an opposite direction approaching each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be required to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be very careful not to proceed till such train has passed the other."

Thomas Hood, Charles Dickens, and others have exercised their wits in framing humorous titles for false or dummy book-backs, to be placed so as to hide a door or blank space in a library.

Such the reader will remember was the character of the Xenophon, in sixteen volumes, which excited the curiosity of the "Bashful Man," whose misadventures at a friend's house Henry Mackenzie has so graphically described.

Laying his hand on the first volume, and pulling it forcibly, relates the Bashful Man, he was horrified to find that instead of books, "a board which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood inkstand on the table under it."

He certainly did not make the calamity less ludicrous when he attempted to stop the current of ink that trickled to the floor by means of his cambric handkerchief.

Hood's list of dummy books included the following: On the Affinity of the Death Watch and the Sheep Tick, Malthus's Attack of Infantry, John Knox on Death's Door, Cursory Remarks on Swearing, Hoyle on the Game Laws, and Percy Vere, in forty volumes.

Among others, Dickens had the following dummy books in his study at Tavistock House: Jonah's Account of the Whale, The Gunpowder Magazine (four volumes), On the Use of Mercury by the Ancient Poets, The books of Moses and Sons (two volumes), and Lady Godiva on the Horse.

A public library is not the place where one would expect to meet with sham book titles; but a book met the gaze of the late Professor de Morgan of Cambridge, on his visit to the reading room of the Museum, which might have been mistaken for a "dummy." He began his inspection, he says, at the ladies' end, where the Bibles and theological works are placed; and the very first book he looked at the back of had in flaming gold letters the startling and profane title, "Blast the Antinomians." Thus did the binder apostrophize the sect whose history had been written by Dr. Blast, by omitting the separating line between the first two words.

THE HUMORS OF TYPOGRAPHY.—During the Mexican war, one of the newspapers hurriedly announced an important item of news from Mexico, that General Pillow and thirty-seven of his men had been lost in a bottle (battle). Some other paper informed the public, not long ago, that a man, in a brown surtout, was yesterday brought before the court on a charge of stealing a small ox (box) from a lady's work-bag. The stolen property was found in his waistcoat pocket. A rat (raft), says another paper, descending the river, came in contact with a steamboat, and so serious was the injury to the boat, that great exertions were necessary to save it. A cotemporary once stated that the Russian General Backmoffkowsky was found dead with a long word (sword) in his mouth. It was, perhaps, the same paper that, in giving a description of a battle between the Poles and the Russians, said that the conflict was dreadful, and that the enemy were repulsed with great slaughter (slaughter). Again, a get from it was recently brought up to answer the charge of having eaten (beaten) an omnibus conductor for demanding more than his fare.

PECULIAR MORTGAGES.—A peculiar system of mortgaging farms is used in Switzerland. A farmer may borrow of a dozen men successively, the sample record in an official book showing their order. If he fails to pay, a successor is found for him by beginning at the bottom of the list of creditors, and calling on each in his order to assume the debts and manage the farm, or retire and lose his claim.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1 00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

New Publications.

Mrs. Frances H. Burnett's "Through One Administration" has been somewhat, though not very greatly, condensed in the book form in which it is issued by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. It is a gracefully written work. We find a riper literary style in Mrs. Burnett here than in anything she had previously done. As regards the story, its best strength is in its character sketching, which is really most effective. Tredennis, Arbuthnot, Amory and Bertha are all clear and well-defined creations, and they are consistently carried out through the story. As a work of literary art in this respect, "Trough One Administration" has hardly had the praise it merited. Now that attention is turned to it aside from the obstacles that embarrassed its success as a serial work in the *Century Magazine*, the amount of conscientious literary effort that there is in those pages will be recognized. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

MAGAZINES.

The June number of the *North American Review* opens with an article by Joseph Nimmo, Jr., Chief of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, on American Manufacturing Interests, in which is given a singularly full and instructive and historical sketch of the rise and progress of manufactures in the United States, etc. An article by the Hon. Wm. M. Springer, on Incidental Taxation, is an argument for Free Trade. D. C. Gilman, President of John Hopkins University, writes of the Present Aspects of College Training, as affected by the increase of wealth and luxury, the development of natural science, and the influence of a larger religious liberty. Edward Self presents some weighty considerations on the Abuse of Citizenship, as exhibited in the machinations of the dynamitists against a friendly power, in disregard of the obligations of American neutrality. Prof. Isaac L. Rice criticises some of Herbert Spencer's Facts and Inferences in social and political science, and Christine Nilsson contributes A Few Words about Public Singing. Finally, there is a symposium on The Moral Influence of the Drama, the participants being, on the one side, the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, well-known as an opponent of the stage, and on the other, John Gilbert, the actor; A. M. Palmer, theatrical manager; and William Winter, dramatic critic. 50 cents a number; $5 a year. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

The popular *Science Monthly* is always good, but the June number is the very best we have yet read. Among its articles, all of which are popular in the best sense of the word, are, Medical Quacks and Quackeries, by Dr. F. J. Shepherd; Recent Magnetic Storms and Sun-Spots; Vivisection in the State of New York; Quartz; its Varieties and Formation; The Remedies of Nature—Consumption; A German View of the "Data of Ethics;" Cost of Life; On Science Teaching in the Public Schools; The Chemistry of Cookery; Our Marriage and Divorce Laws; Evolution; The Boundaries of Astronomy II. The Nebular Hypothesis; Darwin and Copernicus; Whistling; Sketch of Prof. Benjamin Silliman, LL. D.; Correspondence; Editor's Table—Science, Literature, and Theology; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany and Notes. Appleton & Co., New York. Price 50 cts.

St. Nicholas for June is crowded with good things. It open with an interesting article by I. N. Ford on the New York *Tribune* Fresh-air Fund, profusely illustrated, by W. H. Drake, Mr. Woolf, and Jesse McDermott. The latter also contributes three drawings for a poem on the same subject, by Margaret Johnson, called A Beautiful Charity. The frontispiece is a charming picture by Miss L. B. Humphrey, illustrating a poem entitled Great Grandmother's Garden. Harry M. Kettler's popular Drummer-Boy sketches are revived in this number with an entertaining paper entitled First Days in Camp. The serials by J. T. Trowbridge and Edward S. Ellis are continued, and there are short stories by Frank R. Stockton, Sarah J. Prichard and others. Young natural historians will read with profit Ernest Ingersoll's A Good Model, and the silk culturists will be interested in the working of the Boys' Silk Culture Association of America. There are many other contributions in the number, including a Decoration Day poem by Celia Thaxter. The Century Co., New York.

The Manhattan for June has the following table of contents: Vu'canello Agua (Water Volcano) Guatemala; People and Places in Guatemala; The Atrocities of Tan Trotza, a story; Unwritten Music, a poem. Here and There in Chester and Oxford; Cloudesdale's Wife, a story; The Revival of Humorism; The Story of the Masterpieces; Forward, a poem; The Lost and Nameless Graves, a poem; A Poet Too Little Known; Beyond Sight and Sound, a sonnet; Mr. Hetterman's Ride, a story; Between the Courses; A Sikh Temple in the Himalaya Mountains; Recent Literature; Town Talk. The Brooklyn Bridge; Decoration Day, The Exodus to Europe, and Salmagundi. Published by The Manhattan Co., Temple Court, New York.

For sluggish bowels, torpid liver, indigestion, bad breath, flatulence, sick headache, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the certain remedy. By land or at sea, out on the prairie or in the crowded city, they are the best pill for purgative purposes, everywhere alike convenient, effectual and safe.

MY HUSBAND.

Who took me from my childhood's home,
And said he'd [illegible] alone,
And for my [illegible] alone?
My husband.

Who grumbled at the poor beefsteak,
And [illegible] better coffee make,
And [illegible] care to take?
My husband.

Who swore because the [illegible],
And to the spare room quickly fled
While I to quiet vainly tried?
My husband.

Who [illegible] butter off his short,
And [illegible]
[illegible]?
My husband?

Who [illegible]
Although I'd been all night awake?
My husband.

And when I [illegible]
Who says she's [illegible]?
My husband.

Who stays away till late at night,
And then comes home so very tight
That nearly I expire of fright?
My husband!

Who breaks the chairs, slams the door
Leaves all his clothes upon the floor,
And swears it's all a dreadful bore?
My husband.

And who do I, for his dear sake,
Of every sacrifice partake
Lest I his confidence should shake?
My husband.

[illegible]

Humorous.

Summer traveling soot—Railway cinders.

There are some things that are actually worth their weight in gold—double eagles, for instance.

A genius advertised: "A sewing machine for 25 cents in stamps," and his dupes did not see the point until they received a needle.

An author carried two dramas to Dumas recently, and after he had read one of them, he said: "What do you think of it?" "I like the other best," replied Dumas.

"What do you mean, you rascal, by spilling my coffee all over me?" shouted a gentleman to a waiter. "Never mind," said the waiter, "I'll get you some more."

When a man is carrying home a dozen eggs in a paper bag, and one of them slips out on the pavement, he never stops to pick it up. In the hurly-burly of this life, one egg is a very small matter.

Enterprise is a good thing. Columbus enterprised America. If Columbus hadn't we should be nowhere [illegible] about America but the Indians, and [illegible] tell.

A young woman in Missouri, crazed by religion, imagines herself an angel. [illegible] mon form of insanity in these parts, but it is usually brought on by five or six fools hovering round the girl.

A man purchased a piano for his daughter recently, and the other day called on the agent and wanted to know when the "forte" would be delivered. The piano had arrived all right, but the "forte" had not yet been sent.

A man tamed a prairie dog that somebody sent him, until the docile little creature would eat off his hand. At least, it ate off about three inches of his thumb one day, but it died of concussion of the brain before it could finish the hand.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

THE MILD POWER
CURES
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS
In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book of Directions and Specific Catalogue sent free. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

DRY GOODS
BY MAIL!
Over Three-Quarters of a Million in Stock.
Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c. Samples, information and prices sent free.
COOPER & CONARD, 9th & Market Sts., Philada.
☞ Please say where you saw the Advertisement.

RUPTURE
Relieved and cured without the injury from trusses inflicted by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN [illegible]
[illegible] and indorsements from distinguished physicians, clergymen, merchants, farmers, engineers, and others, is mailed to those who send ten cents. Principal office, No. 21 Broadway, N. Y.
SALARY [illegible]

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The Great Blood Purifier.
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
[illegible] Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Cancerous Affections, Syphilis, Disease of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, [illegible]
For [illegible]

SKIN DISEASES,
[illegible] Blotches, Pimples, Pustules, Blackheads, Ringworms, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scurfiness, and Discolorations of the Skin, are literally driven out of the system when Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent [illegible]

Liver Complaints, Etc.,
Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all other medicinal agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only [illegible]

Kidney and Bladder Complaints
[illegible]
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
One Dollar Per Bottle.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.
COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES
By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA
IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,
FEVER AND ACUE.
[illegible] Scarlet, Typhoid [illegible]
[illegible] Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation [illegible] weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.
[illegible] whether sick or nervous, toothache, [illegible] rheumatism, [illegible] weakness in the back, around the liver, pleurisy, [illegible] in the joints, pains in the bowels, hearts [illegible] of pain of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief [illegible] and immediate ease, and its continued use for [illegible] days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain. Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.
A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.
Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet [illegible] purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen [illegible]
[illegible] or suffering sensations when taken. Diseases of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.
A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.
Price, 25 Cents Per Box.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."
Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.
Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.
Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

XMAS CARDS
Comic Returned Envelopes, with name and address, 10c. 50 Chromo Cards, with name, 10c. Nutmeg Card Co., Cheshire, Conn.

RUPTURE
Cure guaranteed. Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phila.

LANDRETH'S SEEDS
ARE THE BEST
DAVID LANDRETH & SONS,
21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Phila., Pa.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Our Young Folks.

OUR HAPPY FAMILY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

THE OSTRICH'S STORY.—[CONTINUED.]

MY wounded leg was stretched out still and helpless by my side, and to my surprise the boy began to examine it.

"At the same time I thought I saw a look of pity come into his face.

"Perhaps my own eyes too expressed the miserable and despairing feelings in my heart.

"At any rate, that my helpless condition had awakened his sympathy and compassion was very soon manifest.

"He began to collect leaves from some low bushes of a certain species that grew around, and when he had gathered a sufficient quantity he bruised them together between his hands, until they were almost in a pulp.

"This he applied to my wound, wrapped it around with some larger leaves of another shrub, and bound the whole tightly with some slender fibres.

"When he had done this to his satisfaction, and placed a quantity of grass and young leaves by my side, he left me, but not until I had tried to express by my looks my gratitude.

"The salve of leaves had a wonderfully healing effect, and before sundown the pain in my leg had very much decreased.

"Thanks to the supply of food, too, left by my succorer, my hunger was appeased and my strength revived.

"After another night's sleep I felt I could walk slowly.

"I need not dwell on this part of my story.

"It was sufficient that my recovery to my former strength was rapid, for I was in all the vigor of youth, though I still, from time to time, felt twinges of pain from my hurt.

"I need not say that I never forgot my preserver, but often thought of him with feelings of the deepest gratitude.

"It was perhaps a year after this, as men reckon time, that I was one morning walking leisurely along by myself near a small river.

"I was approaching a ledge of rock that jutted into the stream, when I heard a low roaring.

"I at once knew the sound, and the next moment saw whence it proceeded.

"On the rock, stretched in a crouching position, lay a lion—the dreaded tyrant of the forest and plain.

"[illegible] moment I would have turned and fled precipitately from the spot [illegible] but [illegible]

"I observed on the ground at the foot of the rock was a negro boy, and a second glance was enough to tell me that it was my little negro—my preserver of a year before.

"His position was one of extreme danger.

"The lion had him completely in his power, and escape seemed impossible.

"There was a savage and malicious gleam in the animal's eyes as if he were gloating over his victim's misery, while the poor little negro's face wore an expression of terrified despair.

"I at once resolved to try and help my preserver at all risks, and I saw that not a moment was to be lost.

"As yet the lion had not noticed my approach.

"I must explain clearly his position.

"The ascent of the rock was made by a narrow ledge sloping steeply downwards on each side, [illegible] to the water.

"On this ledge the great beast was crouched, and it was evident that his position was [illegible]

"I [illegible] necessary to the rock.

"[illegible] not see me, so absorbed was [illegible] watching its prey.

"In this way I managed, without at once getting his attention, to get close up to him.

"Then suddenly and swiftly I raised my leg, and, putting forth all my strength, struck the lion full on the side.

"You have heard of the great power we camels have in our legs.

"A stroke from us of this sort is no light matter, I assure you.

"In this instance exactly what I intended and hoped for happened.

"The blow I had given knocked the [illegible] and the next moment he [illegible] down the sloping rock into the stream.

"In an instant I was beside the negro, and stooping down in front of him.

"He [illegible] my back, [illegible] I was [illegible]

"[illegible] my head presently, I saw the [illegible] on the bank from [illegible] in which he had been floundering, and was evidently about to pursue us, while the air was rent with his roars of disappointment and rage.

"But I had soon left him far behind.

"When I had proceeded for about half an hour, I beheld smoke rising from behind a small [illegible] of trees.

"I [illegible] it, and discovered that it arose from the [illegible] of a party of [illegible] and [illegible] were [illegible]

"[illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] attracting his attention, to get close up to him.

"Then suddenly and swiftly I raised my leg, and, putting forth all my strength, struck the lion full on the side.

"You have heard of the great power we [illegible] have in our legs.

"A stroke from us of this sort is no light matter, I assure you.

"In this instance exactly what I intended and hoped for happened.

"The blow I had given knocked the [illegible] of his person, and the next moment he [illegible] down the sloping rock into the stream.

"In an instant I was beside the negro, and stooping down in front of him.

"He [illegible] my back, [illegible] I was [illegible]

"[illegible] my head presently, I saw the [illegible] on the bank from [illegible] in which he had been floundering, and was evidently about to pursue us, while the air was rent with his roars of disappointment and rage.

"But I had soon left him far behind.

"When I had proceeded for about half an hour, I beheld smoke rising from behind a small [illegible] of trees.

"I [illegible] it, and discovered that it arose from the [illegible] of a party of [illegible] and [illegible] were [illegible]

"In this way I managed, without at once getting his attention, to get close up to him.

"Then suddenly and swiftly I raised my leg, and, putting forth all my strength, struck the lion full on the side.

"You have heard of the great power we camels have in our legs.

"A stroke from us of this sort is no light matter, I assure you.

"In this instance exactly what I intended and hoped for happened.

"The blow I had given knocked the lion off his perch, and the next moment he had rolled down the sloping rock into the stream.

"In an instant I was beside the negro, and stooping down in front of him.

"He [illegible] my back, [illegible] I was [illegible]

"[illegible] my head presently, I saw the lion had scrambled out upon the bank from the water

THE WOODMAN'S SONG.

BY C. J.

The woodman's axe fell firm and fast,
And his voice sang "One, two, three!
And this is for hope, and this is for home,
And this is for industry!"

And the laziest man in the town sat by,
And he heard the woodman's song,
And he counted the strokes of the axe as they fell
So cheery, and quick, and strong.

And he looked at the woodman's cottage neat,
And the smoke of the woodman's fire,
And he thought of himself, an idle man,
Without shame and without desire.

He thought of his clothes—they were half in rags,
Untidy and all unclean;
And his great black beard, untrimmed and rough
As ever a beard was seen.

And he said to himself, as the woodman chopped,
"The reason he differs from me,
Is all in the song of his three bold thews—
Hope, home, and industry."

And he said, "I am sick of a wasted life—
I will make an honest start!"
And the vow that he made in his soul that day
He kept with his hand and heart.

* * * * * * * *

There's a little house where the children play
Round a farmer rugged an brown,
So neat you would never believe he was
The laziest man in town.

But he blessed the day when the woodman's song
From his sloth first set him free,
For his watchword was, with each blow he struck,
"Hope, home, and industry!"

ABOUT INSECTS.

GOLDEN GRASSHOPPERS were worn proudly by the Athenians in token that they sprang direct from mother earth. The ladybird has probably received more pet names than any other insect. It has been called in different countries the Bishop Barnabee, Bird of our Lady, Vache de Dieu, Marien Thierlein, Manche de St. Jean, and Johannis Wurmchen. In Pagan times it was honored as Freya's Bird. "It is said to have received the name of Marien Thierlein from the monks, who knew that it fed on aphides, enemies of their hops and vines, and therefore protected it among the peasants by dedicating it to the Virgin." Some say the ladybird was so called because it appeared about the time of the Feast of the Purification; others, because it is so often to be found on the white lily. Is there any explanation of the lines with which children address this pretty little creature—

Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children are gone—

or any reason why this insect and the unoffending snail (called in some remote parts by the queer name of snarleygog) should be so rudely told of their domestic bereavements, or threatened with corporeal punishment? as in the similar nursery doggerel—

Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.

And

Snail, snail, come out of your shell,
Your father and mother are dead;
Your brother and sister are at the back door,
Begging for barley bread.

The spider, as he is one of the best known villains of our childhood, when we listen with painful fascination to the story of his deceitful invitation to the giddy fly—so he fills always a prominent part amongst the insects of history, but except in nursery or fairy lore, he is usually a person of excellent character, and rather to be imitated than abhorred.

The name of Arachne given to the spider family is taken from an old Greek legend of a Lydian maiden of that name, daughter of a famous dyer in the town of Colophon, who was a dexterous weaver, and so proud of her proficiency in the art that she dared to challenge Athena to compete with her. Arachne produced a piece of cloth so beautiful that no fault could be found with it, and the angry goddess tore the web to pieces. The girl in disappointment hung herself, but Athena loosened the rope and changed it to a cobweb, while she turned Arachne into a spider, the insect most odious to herself.

This fable seems to suggest the idea that man learnt the art of weaving from the spider, and that it was invented in Lydia.

The many tarantellas, which a short time ago were fashionable as pianoforte pieces, are so called from a species of spider, the tarantula, which gained its name from Tarantem, where it is chiefly found. It was formerly much dreaded, and the symptoms produced by its bite were compared to those of hydrophobia, which procured for it the name of the mad spider.

Old authors claim that those who were bitten by it fell into a profound stupor, or were seized with convulsions, for which music was a sovereign remedy, by inducing them to dance, which they did till they were exhausted, and fell down senseless. One learned gentleman went so far as to write a treatise, in which he set down the airs best suited to effect a cure; but others maintain that it was only idle and worthless persons, seeking an excuse for dancing and asking alms, who said they had been bitten.

We have left until the last that loveliest of all insects—the butterfly—which, in its three phases of existence—the earth-bound caterpillar, the shrouded senseless chrysalis, and then the more perfect creature, soaring upwards on its new-found wings—so marvelously represents our own life-history. For this reason the butterfly, and also the dragonfly (which passes through a similar series of changes), were used by the monks to decorate the illuminated borders of their missals. Amongst the heathen the soul was often represented as a butterfly, escaping from the lips at death. In Christian times it has been rather as an emblem of the resurrection that this illustration is used.

Butterflies' wings were given to the maiden Psyche, and in the story of her love, trials and sorrows, it is not difficult to recognize the idea of which it is merely the mythical embodiment; for Psyche is evidently the human soul, which is purified by passions and misfortunes, and is thus prepared for the enjoyment of true and pure happiness.

Grains of Gold.

He that has no charity merits no mercy.

The truly sublime is always easy and natural.

How poor are they who have not patience.

Nothing promotes happiness more than an even nature.

The failure of one man is the opportunity of another.

If you feel angry, beware lest you become revengeful.

Insolence and impudence are twin brothers with knavery.

He keeps his road well enough who gets rid of bad company.

The reward of doing one duty is the power to perform another.

No persons are more empty than those who are full of themselves.

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.

He who lives to benefit himself, confers on the world a benefit when he dies.

Neither interest nor friendship, to please any man, should cause us to do evil.

Punctuality requires no undue exertion, and its influence is a most salutary one.

The wounds of the dead are the furrows in which living heroes grow their laurels.

The rock not moved by a lever of iron will be opened by the root of a green tree.

Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads, let love through good deeds show.

Nothing from man's hand, nor law, nor constitution, can be final. Truth alone is final.

Life grows dark as we go on, till only one clear light is left shining on it, and that is faith.

The moment a man begins to rise among his fellows, he becomes a mark for their missiles.

No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.

To be able to bear provocation is an argument of great wisdom; and to forgive it, of great mind.

The highest luxury of which the human mind is sensible is to call smiles upon the face of misery.

The hardest thing in the world to do so constantly that you can do it well, is to mind your own business.

True glory takes root, and even spreads; all false pretences, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long.

Bad temper is its own scourge. Few things are bitterer than to feel bitter. A man's venom poisons himself more than his victim.

Before you neglect any duty on the theory that it is unimportant, see what the ultimate bearing of the seemingly trifling thing may be.

There is nothing nobler in man than courage, and the only way to be courageous is to be clean-handed and hearted, to be able to respect ourselves and face one record.

He that duly considers how many servants have come to be masters, and how many masters to be servants, will lay no great stress either upon the one title or upon the other.

If you do a kind or neighborly act, do it because you feel that it is both a pleasure and a duty, and don't spoil that act act by telling everyone you meet what a philanthropic creature you are.

Femininities.

Girls we love for what they are; young men for what they promise to be.

Servant girls in Helena, Montana, and Portland, Oregon, get $30 a month.

The Montreal city government has decided against permitting female tax-payers to vote.

A Woman's National Suffrage Society has just been formed in France, with headquarters at Paris.

A 13 year-old girl in Leeds, Ont., weighs 179 pounds, and is twenty pounds heavier than her father.

Nothing can atone for the want of modesty, without which beauty is ungraceful, and wit detestable.

Most of the Treasury girls at Washington are said to have their salaries mortgaged three months ahead.

Women should cease to berate men, and produce a race of men who will be ashamed to play the tyrant over the comrade at their side.

The editor of a Texas paper recently read on a tombstone in a neighboring town this inscription: "John, the husband of Mrs. ——."

Talk about extravagance! Women have learned the whole art of economy, of making a little do the work of much, if they have learned nothing else.

The Woman's Mutual Insurance and Accident Company, the first of the kind in the world, has recently been chartered in New York city.

If a married lady in France passes herself off as unmarried, she can be fined or imprisoned. Lucky that there is no such law as that in this country.

Some people have an idea that it is curiosity that prompts a lady at the opera to occupy half her time in poising an opera-glass. This is not the object. It is her diamond rings.

Queen Victoria has given orders that no lamb is to be served for food in the royal household this year. The cause is the alarming decrease of late of the number of sheep in England.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives has refused to engross a resolution for an amendment to the constitution, providing that women may be appointed Justices of the peace and notaries public.

"Ill go if I see fit!" was the exclamation of Mrs. Tweezers, as her husband demurred at her attending a ball: "I'll go if I see fit." "Very well, you'll see fits if you go," was the crusty reply.

A young widow was asked why she was going to wed so soon after the death of her first husband. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she sighed, "I do it to prevent fretting myself to death on account of dear Tom!"

"What kind of a picture would you prefer, Miss?" inquired a photographer of a young lady customer. "Well," was the reply, "take me with an expression as if I were writing a poem on love."

Rev. Dr. Dix, of Trinity, has introduced a new phrase. In alluding to the easy style of marriage and divorce in New England as "consecutive polygamy," he coined a phrase that is likely to live.

The latest achievement of the perennial Chicago lady in London is to paint a "superb seal, haughty and dignified." It was not outlined from a stuffed specimen, but from between the chinks of a six-foot fence.

President Bascom, of the University of Wisconsin, declares that after an experience of ten years in large college classes, he is convinced that co-education is pre-eminently the fitting method of training our youth.

An extraordinary case of disputed maternity is reported from Omaha. Two women, each claiming to be the widow of the same man, have gone to determine which of them is the mother of his two girls, aged 15 and 17 years.

How difficult it is, with the very best intentions, to a woman who lives in the world to steer entirely clear of suspicion or misrepresentation, unless there exists between her and her husband a frank and cordial understanding.

The new "married woman's property act" in England encourages a woman to lend money to anybody except her husband. It enables her to sue him, and to be witness against him. It also renders her liable to maintain both her husband and her children.

A city chap who had escorted a country girl to the theatre, thinking to please her, went out and bought some apples. When he placed them in her lap, she spoke up, loud enough to be heard all about: "Do you take me for a cider mill?" The chap collapsed.

Four daughters of one resident of Oskaloosa, Iowa, have at different times eloped and married. A few days ago the fifth ran away with the man of her choice, but she was intercepted by the telegraph at Ottumwa, and, being a minor, was returned reluctant and weeping to her father.

A Western justice lately performed a marriage ceremony for which he received twenty-five cents, all the money the groom possessed. The bride, however, agreed to make up the deficiency as soon as her first baby is born, her father having promised to give her $50 in honor of that event.

A Minnesota school teacher asked the committee if they would sustain him if he thrashed an obstreperous young lady pupil, and they said they would. Then he went for her, and when the fight was over the girl ran home laughing, and left him standing outdoors subdued, and seeking to borrow a suit of clothes.

A man in Illinois has brought suit for divorce because his wife allowed him to go to work mornings with no other breakfast than cod-liver oil, and had bought a piano, which she did not know how to play, and had not the means to pay for. The neighbors did not worry so much about the dainty meal the poor fellow swallowed as they did about the piano racket.

News Notes.

There were 78 American earthquakes last year.

The pension list will fill 48 volumes of 900 pages each.

Christianity has 440,000,000 nominal adherents in the world.

To keep mustard-plaster from blistering, mix with white of an egg.

When peeling onions keep your hands and the onions under water.

To keep out flies, tack netting on all the windows early in the season.

The three husbands of a Pennsylvania young woman of 18 are all dead.

A poultice of fresh tea-leaves moistened with water will cure inflamed eyes.

Leadville during the past five years has produced 28,000,000 ounces of silver.

The Western Union Telegraph Company uses a million blanks in three days.

Smoke from burning brown sugar on live coals, relieves pain of flesh wounds.

Kentucky comes to the front with the wedding of a boy of 14 and a girl of 12.

To fasten labels to tin cans, add one teaspoonful brown sugar to one quart paste.

Compress of cold water relieves legache, cramp, and sore chest—place a dry cloth over it.

The Marquis of Hartington is a tremendous smoker, twenty cigars a day being nothing to him.

George Augustus Sala is an accomplished cook, and gives little dinners which he prepares himself.

A Woodbine, Iowa, newspaper is called the Twiner. Woodbine Twiner is appropriate and good.

The people of the West have an idea that a dude is something given away with a pound of tea or coffee.

The dressy young man to be in tone now must have a narrow stripe of braid down the side of his pantaloons.

A Baltimore painter who stole some jewelry was detected in the theft by the paint marks left by his fingers.

Timothy Keating, 80 years of age, has been in the employ of the gas company in this city forty-seven years, and in all that time has not lost a day.

"Hey! Rube!" is a slogan of circus men to call all hands to the rescue when threatened by a mob. It is only used when danger is imminent.

Statistics collected in Prussia show that about two persons in every one hundred stammer. This would make about 2,500,000 stammerers in the world.

The insurance statisticians now say that men live two years longer than they did thirty years ago, and women about three years and four months longer.

Thomas F. Casulls, the new United States Collector at Memphis, gave a bond for $300,000, and all of the sureties on it, with one exception, were colored men.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, says that his hair is growing gray and he is prematurely growing old in consequence of the wickedness of this world.

A manufacturing company in Berwick, Ind., has bought all the liquor licenses within several miles of its factories, hoping that the mill hands will lead temperate lives.

A Taunton woman rolled off a lounge while drunk. Her face struck a basin, and was wedged so snugly that she, being unconscious, lay there and smothered to death.

The new Earl of Stamford, who comes into $120,000 a year, is said to have been living at Wynberg, near Cape Town, in a house of the humblest kind, with his Hottentot wife.

It is a present fancy among young Parisians, of good families, of dressing up as workmen and visiting the smaller theatres in this guise, mixing with the people whose station they ape.

The Empress of Austria has been writing poetry, and has had a printing office set up in the palace. She is learning to set type and manage a press, so that she can print her own poems.

John Colier, of Nashua, N. H., is 82 years old, but, nevertheless, he fascinated Miss Belle Impress, the fifteen-year-old brunette daughter of his landlord, and one day last week she eloped with him.

An anti-opium prayer union has been formed in Great Britain, of which the members residing in different parts covenant to pray at least once a week, on Thursdays, for the overthrow of the opium trade in China and elsewhere.

An alleged spiritualistic medium of Michigan City, Ind., was horsewhipped by a doctor the other day for declaring that he had received a message from a girl who had lately died, stating that her death was the result of wrong doctoring.

Three thousand depositors in Connecticut savings banks have not made inquiries about their money for twenty years past. The larger part of them will never be heard of, but some of the heirs would like to get hold of the books of deposit.

The newest things in the way of summer fans are in the shape of autumn leaves, tinted from nature—that is, in an abominably conventional manner,—the stems serving as a handle. They have surfaces of silk, and are adorned with clusters of flowers and butterflies.

Lydia E. Pinkham, the well-known patent medicine proprietor, died at Lynn, Mass., recently, aged 61 years. It is said she began by manufacturing medicine in a tea-kettle, and in a few years built up a business of $300,000 a year. She spent $150,000 a year in advertising.

WHAT BEATTY HAS ACCOMPLISHED IN FIVE MONTHS.

Shipments of Beatty's Cathedral, Chapel, Pipe and Beethoven organs during the past five months were as follows:

December,	1882,	25	working days,	.....	1,410
January,	1883,	21	" "	.....	1,102
February,	1883,	21	" "	.....	1,132
March,	1883,	27	" "	.....	1,435
April,	1883,	25	" "	.....	1,335
TOTAL		119			6,434

Note:—The working days specified above are actual working days. December has one holiday, Christmas; January, New Years; five days of January were lost in erecting a new 500 horse-power double engine, during which time everything was at a stand-still; February has a holiday, Washington's birthday; March having no holidays full time was made, 27 working days and giving us the enormous output of 1,435 cabinet organs. In April two days were lost, the first being the annual moving, and on the 9th the municipal election occurred at which time the Mayor, Common Council, etc., were chosen. As all National, Gubernatorial and municipal election days are legal holidays the factory was closed. Upon this day, the 9th of April, I was chosen by the citizens as their Chief Magistrate for the fifth consecutive term, by far the largest majority ever given a Mayor since the place was incorporated.

The following is clipped from the *New York Daily Times:*

A POPULAR MAYOR RE-ELECTED.

WASHINGTON, N. J., April 9.—At the municipal election held to-day, Daniel F. Beatty was re-elected Mayor for the fifth time by an overwhelming majority. The largest vote ever known was polled—New York Daily Times, April 10th, 1883.

The above needs no comment.

Taking into consideration that about twelve years ago, or in 1870, I left my father's farm penniless, and, by industry, honesty and thrift, and by strictly adhering to the principle of "the best goods for the least money," I have steadily risen and am achieving a success that is a wonder to the slow going monopolists, and have accomplished it unaided, save by the support of patrons.

The record is an *unanswerable fact* and proves without the possibility of refutation that the Beatty organs are giving the best of satisfaction. The record of shipments in April far surpasses any ever made in the world, the daily average output being a fraction over 58 organs per day, the total being 1,335 organs in 23 days.

The daily average for the past 5 months is *above 54 per day!*

I challenge any manufacturer in this country or Europe or the world to equal this record of 6,434 organs in 119 working days.

If it has been equalled I will donate $10,000 to any charitable institution that may be agreed upon.

This is not blow. It is the record of honest facts! So anxious am I to have all come and see my factory and books for themselves and purchase an organ that I will allow $10 traveling expenses instead of $5 as heretofore. If necessary I will pay all traveling expenses from any reasonable distance. Bear in mind that there were no "small organs" in the above record. They were all large Chapel, Parlor, Church and Cathedral organs; none were made containing less than 5 octaves nor usual and from 9 to 35 octaves of reeds.

The Public's Humble and Obedient Servant,

DANIEL F. BEATTY,
WASHINGTON,
NEW JERSEY.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, WARREN COUNTY } ss.

Charles H. Davis being duly sworn on his oath saith that he is Superintendent of Daniel F. Beatty's Manufacturing Establishment and that the foregoing shipment of organs as above stated is true.

CHARLES H. DAVIS.

Sworn and subscribed before me May 1, 1883.

P. H. HANN, Notary Public.

A JUDICIAL WIFE.—A judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly, she will affectionately tell you so; if you declare that you will do some absurd thing, she will find some means of preventing you from doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in the world belongs unquestionably to women. The wisest things a man commonly does are those which his wife counsels him to do. M. S.

Facetiæ.

Why are bores like trees? Because we love them best when they leave.

A pig would seem the best subject for for medical students to experiment on, as he could be killed first and cured afterwards.

If the pictures can be believed, it was a very simple matter for an ancient Roman to get ready for bed. He just took his sandals off, that's all.

Inquirer: "What objection is there to going fishing on Sunday?" What? Why the objection that you're likely to find all the good places occupied.

Whatever one makes one's self one enjoys thoroughly. The man who makes trouble between two people enjoys it more than do the persons themselves.

It is wrong to laugh at the crooked legs of a young man in tight trowsers, but it is perfectly proper to laugh at the tight trowsers on the man with the crooked legs.

A fence rail was blown right through the body of a mule by the Mississippi cyclone, so the story goes. Even a cyclone has to approach a mule sideways to get the better of him.

Marrying a deceased wife's sister is not an infraction of the Divine law, but it is nevertheless an attempt to dodge the responsibility of two marriages by having but one mother-in-law.

Extract from a letter of congratulation: "I was delighted to hear that Mary was doing so nicely. But you haven't told me of what sex the child was, so I cannot say whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

Somerville takes the first prize for tender-hearted men. He is so sensitive that he can't bear to see or hear his wife saw wood, and when she tackles the buck-saw in the cellar he puts on his hat and walks out of the house.

"I hate grammar awful," remarked a young lady to whom something had been said regarding that study. "Do you?" replied an elderly matron; "no doubt you will like it better when you become acquainted with it."

FROM THE PRESIDENT

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 25, 1882.

Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons:—

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

John Wanamaker's STORE

Everything in Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel and Housekeeping Appointments sent by mail, express or freight, according to circumstances—subject to return and refund of money if not satisfactory. Catalogue, with details, mailed on application.

JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA.

We have the largest retail stock in the United States.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. Circulars free. Harbach Organina Co., Philada., Pa.

LANDRETHS' SEED WAREHOUSE

No. 21 & 23 South Sixth St.,

Between Market and Chestnut Streets, and

DELAWARE AVE. & ARCH ST., PHILA.

Flower Seeds in large assortment, of best quality. Flower roots for Spring planting. Every thing of the best for farm, garden, or country seat. Send for catalogue. **D. LANDRETH & SONS.**

FREE TO F. A. M. Beautiful Colored Engraving, showing the Ancient Temple and Masonic Matters recently discovered in Mexico; also, the large new Illustrated Catalogue of Masonic books and goods, with bottom prices; also particulars of the very lowest rates ever offered F. A. M. REDDING & CO., Masonic Publishers and Manufacturers, 731 Broadway, New York.

$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies, in each county. Address, P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

40 Funny Transparent Cards (for boys,) name and set of Flirtation Cards, 10c. 55 Prize Chromos, 10c. Agents' sample book 2c. Gem Card Co., East River, Ct.

30 Powders 10 Days Treatment

Engelman's Dyspepsia Powders A Positive Cure Price $1.00

These Powders are for exclusive use of Frank E. Engelman Sole Proprietor Philadelphia

BY TAKING ONE PACKAGE OF

ENGELMAN'S DYSPEPSIA POWDERS,

CONTAINING 30 DOSES,

(Sufficient for Ten Days' Treatment.)

Will convince every sufferer of that terrible disease, that they have at last found a Radical Cure (without drugging the system.) The proprietor of this valuable preparation does not desire to speak *against* any other *remedy* for this *complaint;* but requests all those who have not resorted to the use of any other Preparation, to give this a trial, and a particular request to others who have been almost medicated beyond redemption.

Suicides which result from disease, can generally be traced to Dyspepsia. Read the following cases:

Public Ledger, March 25, 1878.

SUICIDE BY HANGING.—On Saturday the Coroner was notified to hold an inquest at No. 920 Arizona St., on the body of George Specht, a German, aged about sixty years, who committed suicide by hanging himself in the yard of his house. He had been suffering several months from Dyspepsia.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE FROM DYSPEPSIA.—John Nyenschwander, a gentleman of Fort Wayne, 35 years of age, attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself, and did manage to send two balls into his head just back of his left ear, where they still remain, and will doubtless prove fatal. Dyspepsia induced the act.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., May 16.—Miss Mary Willigrod, a young lady aged 18, daughter of a leading merchant of Marshalltown, Iowa, who came to the health reform institute in this city, May 6, for treatment for Dyspepsia, committed suicide on yesterday afternoon by taking a dose of strychnine.

Dyspepsia is the Mother of the Following Complaints:

Sick Headache, Nausea, Vertigo, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Appetite, Wasting of Strength, Flatulence, with frequent Belching of Wind, Bilious Vomiting, Burning Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach, Oppression after Eating, Depression of Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Pit of the Stomach, or towards Right Side, Uneasiness of the Bowels, Irritability of Temper, Sallowness of Complexion, Etc., Etc.

After reading the above, make a personal investigation of your present condition, and if you detect any, or a trace *of* any of the symptoms mentioned, do not lose a moment, but resort to this invaluable Preparation at once; to delay day by day may be the means of increasing your malady to indescribable agony.

The Action

Of Engelman's Dyspepsia Powders, when taken into the system, is directly upon the *blood* during the Process of digestion, *absorbing gases, neutralizing acids,* and correcting *acrid* secretions, thus improving the appetite, promoting digestion, and giving tone and vigor to the entire system.

They act immediately upon the chyme and chyle, the nutritive portion of the food, containing the elements and source of the blood, that vital force which keeps all the machinery of animal life in motion.

Remarks.

In order to perfect a cure with this Preparation, it is not necessary to confine yourself to prepared foods, etc., as they, in some cases, in a very short time become unpalatable and detestable to the sufferer. Confine yourself to food agreeable to your stomach; select such as you think would not cause you distress.

Endeavor to be of a cheerful disposition, seat yourself at the table as though you were not a dyspeptic, and partake of anything thereon that you think you could enjoy; be moderate, eat slowly, masticate your food properly, do not eat anything that you have no desire for, take the Powders regularly. Be particular to see that each one is *actually dissolved,* as it is very important.

These Powders must not be classed with the patent medicines of the day, as they are accurately prepared by the present proprietor from the original formula, a favorite prescription of one of our late and highly esteemed practitioners.

As these Powders are perfectly harmless, they should be kept in every house. It is the only preparation that will instantly remove the terrible pain from Indigestion.

Request your nearest druggist to get you a package.

This preparation offers a great inducement to those afflicted, and it does not necessitate long treatment, or restriction, as to the selection of food. Remember, all Chronic Dyspeptics owe their years of torture to those slight attacks of Indigestion which are daily neglected.

These Powders are put up in envelopes containing thirty powders each, (sufficient for ten days' treatment), and can be conveniently carried in the vest pocket. Each package bears the fac simile of the handwriting and signature of the Sole Proprietor, as above.

One package (10 days' treatment) mailed to all parts of the world on receipt of One Dollar. Six packages to one address, $5. When writing for the Powders, please give me the name of your nearest Responsible Druggist. If your Druggist is obliging, he can readily obtain these Powders from the Wholesale Dealers, who are supplied by my agents, MESSRS. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia.

No *testimonials* will be inserted. They can be seen at my office, on file.

The editor of this paper can certify to my responsibility and standing.

Very Respectfully,

Frank E. Engelman

LABORATORY, 1839 SEYBERT ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Cadaretta, Miss., May 21, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

V. I. P.

Greenville, Tex., May 20, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

R. C.

Janesville, Ind., May 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

C. A. W.

Weir City, Kan., May 19, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

F. S.

Baldwin, Wis., May 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

F. H. T.

Philmont, S. C., May 22, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

A. A. B.

Macon, Mo., May 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

R. S. P.

Browning, Mo, May 19, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

M. E. A.

Martin, Tenn., May 22, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

A. N.

Sheldon, Ill., May 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

O. W. H.

Rock Bluff, Fla., May 19, '83,

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

S. W. J.

Glenwood, Iowa., May 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

R. S. B.

Taylor's Bridge, N. C., May 19, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

G. B. D.

Portsmouth, Va., May 24, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

G. H. A.

Malvern, Iowa., May 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

E. C.

Pleasantville, Ind., May 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

A. J. M.

Boston, Mass., May 25, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

L. C.

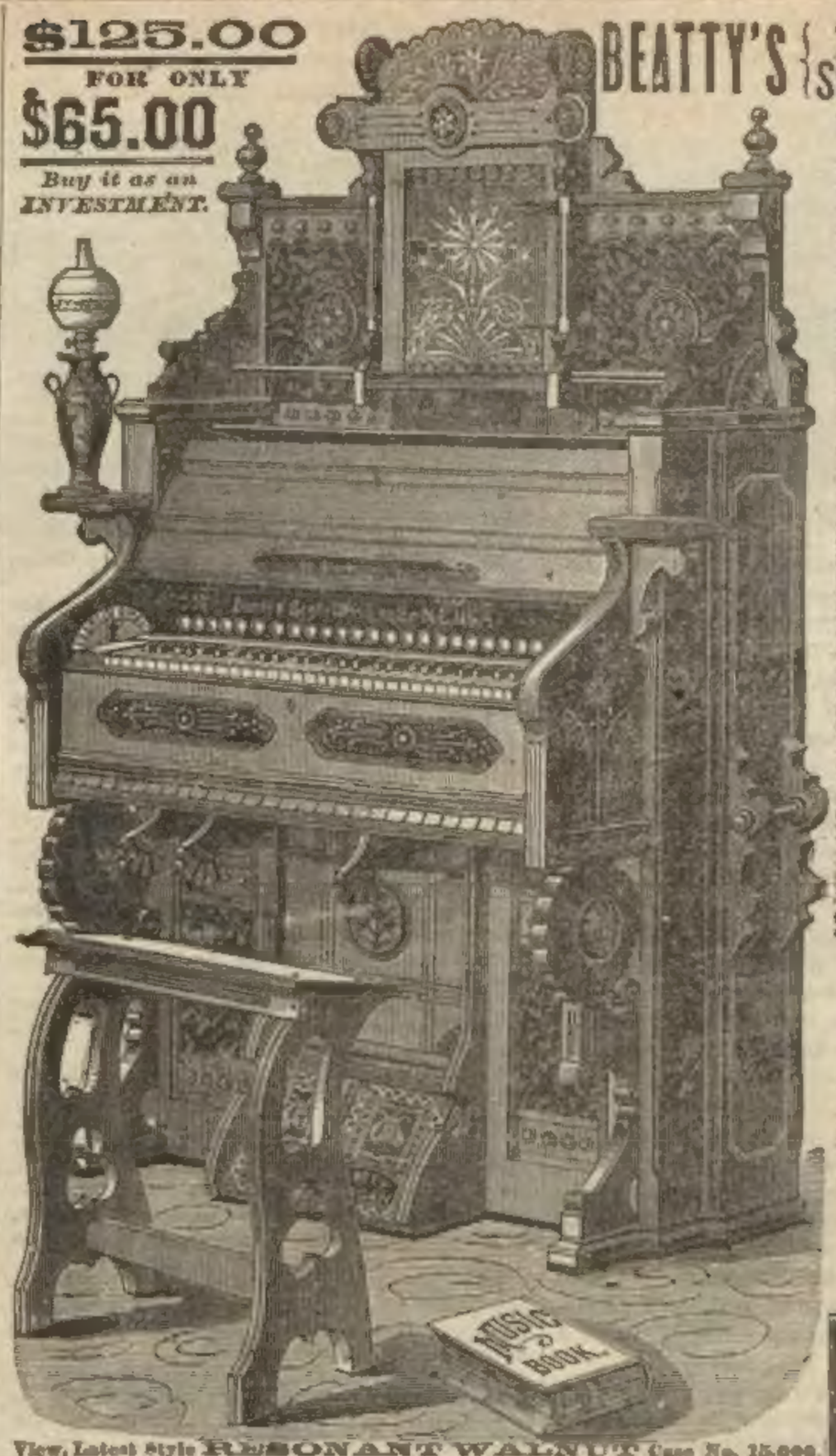
Corvallis, Ore., May 15, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Cleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

T. P. W.

$125.00 FOR ONLY $65.00

Buy it as an INVESTMENT.



View, Latest Style RESONANT WALNUT Case No. 15,000.

BEATTY'S {27 Stop} BEETHOVEN ORGANS $65.00

Regular Price $125.00 without Bench, Book and Music.

The Beethoven is beyond a doubt the most popular Cabinet Organ ever placed upon the market. During the past 119 working days 6,434 were manufactured and shipped to all parts of the civilized world. The factory is taxed to its utmost capacity to supply the demand, working nights by Edison's Electric Light to fill orders promptly. If you are about to purchase a Cabinet Organ or to buy one as an investment to sell again you should avail yourself of the special limited offer as below. (Be sure to read Description of Stops 26 and 27, see below.)

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE INSTRUMENT.

There are TEN FULL SETS OF GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS built upon an entirely new and scientific plan, producing music equal to an organ costing four times its value of other makes. The Reeds are arranged in the Reed Board, as follows

1st. Set Charming **Saxaphone** Reeds.
2d. Set Famous **French Horn** Reeds.
3d. Set Beautiful **Piccolo** Reeds.
4th. Set **Jubilante Violins** Reeds.
5th. Set Powerful **Sub-Bass** Reeds.
6th. Set Sweet **Voix Celeste** Reeds.
7th. Set of Soft **Cello** Reeds.
8th. Set of **Dulciana** Reeds.
9th. Set of **Diapason** Reeds.
10th Set of **Clarionet or Celeste** Reeds.

Special attention is called to the number of stops used in this famous instrument. With the above 10 sets Golden Tongue Reeds and the following Stops fourteen (14) distinct Combinations are produced, THUS MAKING THIS ORGAN EQUAL TO 14 ORGANS OF ORDINARY MAKES COMBINED.

27 STOPS, as follows:

1 CELLO, 8 ft. tone.
2 Melodia.
3 Clarabella.
4 SUB-BASS, 16 ft. tone.
5 Bourdon, 16 ft. tone.
6 SAXAPHONE, 8 ft. tone.
7 VIOL DI GAMBA, 8 ft. tone.
8 Diapason, 8 ft. tone.
9 VIOLA DOLCE, 4 ft. tone
10 Grand Expression 8 ft.
11 French Horn, 8 ft. tone
12 Harp Æolian.
13 VOX HUMANA.
14 Echo, 8 ft. tone.
15 Dulciana, 8 ft. tone.
16 Clarionet, 8 ft. tone.
17 VOIX CELESTE, 8 ft tone
18 Violina, 4 ft. tone.
19 Vox Jubilante, 8 & 4 ft.
20 Piccolo, 2 ft. tone.
21 Octave COUPLER.
22 Orchestral Forte.
23 Grand Organ Stop.
24 Right Knee Stop.
25 Automatic Valve Stop.

Latest Improvements: 26 MEZZO KNEE SWELL. 27 MAESTOSO PERCUSSION, upon Patented Combination Swell. To which is added the AEROSTATIC, EXPRESSION Compass or Regulator, showing at a glance the amount of pressure upon the instrument, same as a compass to the ship so is this new improvement to the Organ. (See cut shown under the lamp or side of case.) *Case is built from handsome Solid Black Walnut (if preferred Ash or Ebonized). In Solid Mahogany Case only $15.00 extra.* (Height, 72 ins., Depth, 24 ins., Length, 48 ins.)

All cases are profusely ornamented with neat hand carvings. Manufactured so as not to take the dirt or dust. Thoroughly seasoned and kiln dried; will stand the test of any climate; handsome rubbed, varnish finish and polish; carved and ornamented with arabesque designs in gold. IT IS BUILT TO LAST, NOT FOR SHOW. THE CASE IS VERY HANDSOME. Contains Lamp Stands, Pocket for Music, Treble and Upright Bellows, Steel Springs, Nickel Plated Pedal Plates, BEATTY'S PATENT STOP ACTION and SOUNDING BOARDS. POPULAR CATALOGUE PRICE OF THE BEETHOVEN, IN THIS LATEST STYLE OF CASE, IS $180.00 without Bench, Book and Music.

SPECIAL TEN-DAY OFFER TO READERS OF The Saturday Evening Post!

DANIEL F. BEATTY ★ WASHINGTON NEW JERSEY ★ U. S. A.

If you will remit me only $65.00 and the annexed Coupon within 10 days from the date hereof, I will box and ship you this Organ, with Organ Bench, Book, etc., exactly the same as I sell for $125. You should order immediately, and in no case later than 10 days. One year's test trial given and a full warrantee for six years. GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND SEAL JUNE 9, 1883.

Daniel F. Beatty

COUPON On receipt of this Coupon from any readers of SATURDAY EVENING POST. $60.00

and $65.00 in cash by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, Express prepaid, or by Check on your Bank, if forwarded within 10 days from date hereof, I hereby agree to accept this Coupon for $60.00 as part payment on my celebrated 27 Stop $125 Beethoven Organ, with Bench, Book, etc., providing the cash balance of $65.00 accompanies this Coupon, and I will send you a receipted bill in full for $125, and box and ship you the Organ just as it is advertised, fully warranted for six years. Money refunded with interest from date of remittance if not as represented after one year's use.

(Signed) DANIEL F. BEATTY.

VISITORS ALWAYS WELCOME. I will give 8 days grace from the above date, to any person who will come and select the instrument in person, and will allow $5.00 for traveling expenses, if they buy. If possible, I would much rather have buyers come and select instrument in person. FREE COACH meets all trains. Hotel Meals Free, whether you buy or not; you are welcome anyway.

AS AN INVESTMENT. If you do not want an organ yourself, it will pay you to order the instrument to sell again. Order now; nothing saved by correspondence. I want the instrument introduced in this New Style of Case quickly, hence this special limited time offer and price. Only one will be sold at this extremely low price in each vicinity, and, after the ten day offer has expired, the price will POSITIVELY be $125 without Bench, Book, and Music. There are over 32,000 post-offices in the United States and Canada, and I want one of these instruments introduced in each post village. Will you order one? It is shipped subject to one year's trial; nothing can be fairer.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT! Keys, Lumber, Steel Springs, Rubber Cloth, Reed Boards, etc., used in the construction of this instrument, are of the best quality and are bought from the very same parties that sell to all other organ makers in the United States and Canada. The Beethoven, therefore, contains more Reeds, more Stops, more musical combination effects than an organ of ordinary make at four times its cost.

HOW TO ORDER. Enclosed find $65.00 for Beethoven Organ in your latest style case. I have read your statement and I order one on condition that it must prove exactly as represented in this advertisement, or I shall return it at the end of one year's use and demand the return of my money, with interest from the very moment I forwarded it, at six per cent., according to your offer. Be very particular to give Name, Post Office, County, State, Freight Station, and on what Railroad. Be sure to remit by Bank Draft, P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, Express prepaid, or by Bank Check. You may accept by telegraph on last day and remit by mail on that day, which will secure this special offer. I desire this magnificent instrument introduced without delay, hence this special price. Sending order is given immediately.

Address or call upon the Manufacturer **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

AGENTS WANTED.

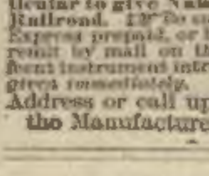
Champion WASHING MACHINE.

Agents wanted in every county; the best, cheapest, and the best-selling Washer ever invented. It occupies no more room than a wringer; is strong, durable and simple, and is easily operated; and saves over half the time and labor in washing. Send for a Price-list. Large discount to the Trade and Agents.

SEAMAN & CO., Milford, N. Y.

GUIDE TO SUCCESS, WITH FORMS FOR BUSINESS and SOCIETY

Is BY FAR the best Business and Social Guide and Hand-Book ever published. Much the latest. It tells HOW TO DO EVERYTHING in the best way. How to be your own lawyer. How to do business correctly and successfully. How to act in society and in every part of life, and contains a gold mine of varied information indispensable to all classes for constant reference. Agents Wanted for all or spare time. To know why this book of REAL value and attraction sells better than any other, apply for terms to DOUGLASS BROS., Philadelphia, Pa. and Cincinnati, O.



Lady Agents can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

Agents Make money selling our family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 197 Pearl St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED for the best and fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila'a, Pa.

YOUR NAME Printed on 50 Extra large Chromos in 9 colors, (no two alike) French & Swiss Florals, Motto, Remembrance & Verse Cards, in fancy script type, 10c, 14 packs $1, 60 or 25 Gold Bevel Edge Cards, 10c. Our Beautiful bound Sample Album for 1883 with Elegant Premium List, reduced Price List, &c., 25c. S. M. POOTE, Northford, Ct.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT. No pay till cured. Ten years established, 1,000 cured. State case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

Beautiful Chromo Pallets 5cts. each; 5½x7½ Oleographs, $1.15 per 100; 12 samples for 20cts; 10x14, Garfield Family, 10 cts. each. Six funniest cards out for two 3ct. stamps.

J. LATHAM & CO., 939 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

50 Large Chromos, new and pretty as ever published. Name on, 10c. Vann & Co., New Haven, Conn.

Splendid 20 Latest Style Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Premium with 3 packs. E. H. Pardee, New Haven Ct.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR ONE CENT EACH.

As the rage for card collecting decreases, that of Photograph Collecting increases. A great many people who have had the desire for collecting Photographs, have been deterred from so doing on account of the high price. With a view to meet the popular demand we have gotten up a line of first class [copied from life] Photographs at the astonishing low price of 1c. each. They consist of Actors, Actresses, Statuary, Handsome Women, etc. We have 1,500 different styles; on receipt of 25 cts. we will send you by return mail, the following Collection of Samples:

Mrs. Langtry,	Maud Branscombe,	Jessie Veamans,	Jennie Calef	Minnie Palmer,	The Water Queen,
Sarah Bernhardt,	Jennie Cramer,	Bonfati,	Little Blanchard	2 Graces,	Wager Malley,
Lillian Russell,	Annie Pixley,	Miss Kood	Mary Anderson,	Temptation,	Blanche Douglass,
Kate Claxton,	Lotta,	Lulu Mortimer,	Medjesta,	Sleeping Beauty	Henry W. Beecher.

We will not sell less than 25. We put them up in packages containing 25 for 25c. 5 Packages for $1. P. O. Stamps taken. Bear in mind our goods are not cheap wood cuts, but genuine photographs, each one separately mounted on fine card board. $1.30U PHOTOGRAPH CO., 9 Warren St., New York.

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES

Symptoms and Cure. The symptoms are, moisture, like perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night; seems as if pin-worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected. If allowed to continue, very serious results may follow. "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT" is a pleasant, sure cure. Also for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbers' Itch, Blotches, all scaly, crusty Skin Diseases. Sent by mail for 50 cents; three boxes, $1.25 (in stamps). Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all Druggists.

NEW AND IMPROVED ONLY $1.

$1, $2, $3 and $10 each with Chain.

A new and patented scientific time-keeper, elegant nickel silver hunting case superbly engraved, and a fine plated Chain, latest style, for only $1. Warranted for five years to denote as correct time as a $200 Chronometer Watch; can not get out of order and will last a life time with proper care; steel works, glass crystal, size of a lady's watch. They are as good as a high-priced watch. In many cases more reliable, and are a necessity for every man, boy, farmer, traveler, and useful to all. Beware of a cheap and worthless humbug, which has been extensively advertised. This is no toy, it is not a child's watch, but made on scientific principles and every one is warranted to be accurate and reliable, and is destined to become the most useful and reliable time-piece ever invented. Price, post-paid, only $1, or six for $5. We have made the price very low simply to introduce them at once, after which the price will be raised. Satisfaction guaranteed, no stamps taken. Address,

J. C. EMORY & CO., UTICA, MINNESOTA.

If you will send us thirty orders for the above time-piece at $1 each we will send you a solid Gold Hunting Cased Watch FREE. Send $1 at once for a sample, and see how easily you can get up a Club of Thirty.

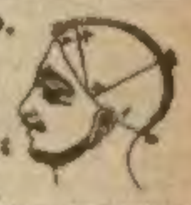
The Album Writer's Friend,

Containing 300 Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. Something that everybody wants. 64 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken. Address,

J. S. OGILVIE & CO.,
29 Rose St., New York.

40 CARDS, all Lap-corner, Gilt Edge, Glass, Motto, Chromo, Love Letter and Case, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

R. DOLLARD, 513 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artist IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

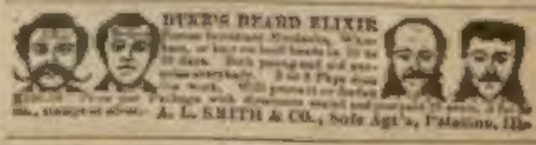
TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

OUR NEW CARDS. 1883. 50 Different Designs; Bird, Floral, Gold Panel, German, French-Italian and Oriental Views, summer, winter, moon, light and marine scenes, all in beautiful colors on superfine enameled board, with your name in fancy script type, 10c. A 32 page illustrated Premium List sent with each order. Agents make 50 per cent. Full particulars and samples for 3c. stamp. CAXTON PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn.

FREE For 25 cents we give the Illustrated Visitor Magazine three months. Handsomest and best published. Each number contains a complete novel, and the cream of choice reading. To each subscriber we send free 62 Popular Pieces Music with words. This offer is made to introduce our magazine in new homes. Social Visitor, Box 3128, Boston, Mass.



PHONOGRAPHY or Phonetic Short-Hand. Catalogue of works by Benn Pitman, with alphabet and illustrations for beginners sent on application. Address PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, Cin'ti, O.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

SOME of the new designs for summer materials are undoubtedly eccentric, and therefore difficult to wear; all phases of the moon, from a full moon to an almost total eclipse may be found, and there are soap balls, croquet balls, triangles, squares, and cubes: then, to give a little relief from the ordinary chequers and stripes there are broche stripes in light tints, either in transverse or zigzag lines on a dark navy-blue, brown, prune or green ground.

No woman of short stature could possibly wear these stripes and zigzags, and it will tax the ingenuity of couturieres to employ them with good effect.

Good taste will, however, overcome many difficulties, and as paniers or robings, these new patterns may be made up in a stylish manner.

The majority of costumes are still made of woollen materials, for spring is a doubtful season, and warm dresses are still those most required.

The following is a good example of a plain, practical walking costume. The skirt is of prune cloth bordered with a pleating of brick-red satin, it is perfectly plain and of comfortable width; over this is worn a polonaise of chequered material in prune, brick-red, and blue; the sides of the polonaise are long and undraped; at the back is a draping of loops of tartan forming a puffed train the same length as the sides and joined to them. Good materials and a perfect fit are, of course necessary with a costume of this description, which has no ornament, save a military collar and small round parements of prune velvet.

Woollen materials embroidered with wool are still much worn; the latest novelty in designs is a small lily, rather resembling the *fleur de lis*, but less decided and striking. They are in many colors, but chiefly in black on a plain dark ground.

Later on voiles and broche surahs will be much worn, and every kind of ribbed material, poplin, ottoman, &c., together with twilled surahs of extra thickness and crepe de Chine.

All these materials are also made with exquisite designs of shaded chenille flowers on a dark ground, and with silk broche patterns of all descriptions.

Passementerie and embroidery are more in vogue than ever, and as there is a kind of rivalry between these two species of trimming, the result is that wonderful and beautiful specimens of each are produced.

If the front of the dress is formed of embroidered or chenille fabric, that is no reason why the remainder should not be ornamented with appliques and running borders in cord, and jet or colored beads, as the case may be.

For dinner dresses there are some charming new black tulles with pendants and sequins, and, richer still, a net-work of black beads with gold pendants.

These toilettes are ornamented with ruches of black lace, with a little gold lace mixed with it, and are very becoming to young married ladies who wish to avoid light colors.

Another very pretty material for the front of a dress is a thick ribbed ottoman with a pattern of chenille bees and little pendants of chenille and beads.

This is made in white, for bridal toilettes, and is very becoming in colors to tall, slender women who can wear these rich fabrics without appearing crushed by them.

A beautiful toilette in this style has the front of ottoman embroidered with small lilies in chenille; the train is of satin merveilleux in long flowing pleats ornamented with chenille fringe.

The whole of the dress is trimmed with the soft mossy fringe and bead pendants, and the Directoire corsage, with large revers and a double postilion, is trimmed to match, and fastened under a plot of fringe.

With heavy materials of this description simple forms are the only ones possible, but each class of fabric demands a special style, and all the light summer fabrics will be made up with bouillonnes, puffings, ruches, and the many varieties of draperies and ornaments that taste and ingenuity may suggest.

But the exceptionally rich novelties of the season, rich in color, texture, and design, are draped as little as possible, and fall in straight folds; extreme richness generally implies a certain degree of stiffness, and the beautiful patterns are lost and interrupted if the material is draped in many folds and pleats.

Embroidered voiles are made up into very pretty toilettes; the voile either embroidered all over, or trimmed with embroidered bands.

A good example is of navy-blue voile, the skirt puffed and edged with an embroidered band put in as a full-gauged flounce, and worked in red, blue, and gold silks.

The corsage of plain material is edged with a wide embroidered band, draped to form a small tablier, and the square collar and plastron are also embroidered.

In case the weather is cold a stylish mantle of navy-blue ribbed gros grain and velvet has been prepared to accompany the dress, with sleeves a la Jufve, square and lined with plain velvet.

The arrangements of shades is always according to the ground color; for instance, dark green voile is embroidered in wood browns, blue and moss, while navy-blue and red are reserved for all dark brown grounds.

The taste for animals' heads, as designs, is still in vogue, many materials being printed or embroidered with them, the buttons embossed to match.

The mode cannot be called pretty or graceful, yet some of the richest materials are figured in this way.

Pleated and plain skirts of velvet have been much worn since the return of tartans to fashion, either trimmed at the edge with a band of the same color, or, if plain, cut in tabs over a pleated flounce of plain satin or the tartan.

There is no prettier and more ladylike style for a walking costume than a long tunic of plaid material without any trimming, and draped high on one side in series of pleats by a large metal buckle, over a velvet skirt.

Plain materials, either camel's hair or cashmere, are made up in the same way over a pleated skirt of darker velvet, which is bordered by a narrow pleating in the same color as the tunic, but generally of satin and not of the woollen material.

A polonaise sometimes take the place of the tunic and corsage, but is draped in the same manner, high on the left side under a buckle, or with close gauging.

The fastening is in a diagonal line, or entirely on the left side, and is sometimes very fancifully arranged with straps and buckles.

The fashion of having the skirts of walking costumes in alternate stripes of two colors is becoming more and more general. They are certainly very becoming, as vertical stripes always increase the height of a figure.

A dress, for walking in the park or visiting, has a skirt consisting of eleven wide box-pleats of brick-red satin, separated by pleatings of blue satin; the tunic is of blue satin, falling low on the left but caught up high on the right with a red strap, the blue drapery being well pulled above, and terminating in long graceful pleats.

The blue satin corsage has very short basques edged with red satin, the collar and small pleated chemisette being edged with a similar band.

A blue straw bonnet trimmed with brick-red satin, and a plume of red feathers completes the toilette.

A peculiarly stylish method for making up velvet, broche, cloth, cashmere, or any of the new spring woollen fabrics, is the following toilette, the redingote of which is new and graceful.

This vetement is very long, and buttons diagonally from the left shoulder to the waist on the right.

The skirts on the right fall straight, but the front on the left from the waist is drawn up, lined with velvet, and turned back and fastened on the back drapery with a horse-shoe buckle; this drapery being also turned back with a velvet revers.

This leaves nearly the whole left side of the skirt visible, the right showing only a few inches.

If made of cloth, the skirts and back drapery are edged with three rows of darker velvet, except the parts turned back with velvet.

The velvet continues up the right front, which is fastened with fine cord brandenburghs, commencing almost in the centre with large macaroons, and terminating at the other end with a tassel; the brandenburghs are graduated in size. The skirt consists of four wide box-pleated flounces, also edged with velvet. If made of broche, the velvet bands are omitted and the skirt is of bouillonne faille or satin with lace flounces, and, if of velvet, the revers are of satin, the skirt, bouillonne or flounced, of the same material, or of pleated velvet; the toilette looks very handsome in brown velvet over a pleated plaid surah skirt.

By altering the materials the style does equally well for a cloth walking costume, or velvet, or broche visiting dress.

For lighter materials scarf draperies are still in vogue, especially for evening dresses made of plain and pompadour surahs.

Fireside Chat.

WHAT TO DO WITH BROKEN BREAD.

PERHAPS I ought, in strict fairness, to state at the very beginning that I am about to address myself exclusively to those who wish to be exceedingly economical in cookery.

If, therefore, any one is inclined to read this who despises economy and cares only for what is luxurious and delicious, she had better not read it.

Many housekeepers have an idea that there is no avoiding a certain degree of waste of bread.

Other foods may be used to advantage. Small pieces of fat may be rendered down to make fat for frying; small pieces of meat may be skilfully converted into elegant and appetizing entrees, bones and trimmings may be made into delicious soup, remnants of sweet dishes may be so dealt with that they look rather more inviting when served a second time than they did in the first instance.

But make use of all the bread which has been cut and then left? No, it cannot be done.

Servants will not eat it, beggars will not accept it as a gift, puddings have been made of it so persistently, that all the members of the family unite in declining to partake of "bread-and-butter pudding," and they regard bread and milk with loathing.

So the house-mother decides to bow to what she believes to be the inevitable, shuts her eyes with a sigh when she finds that bread is thrown into the fire or the dust-bin, and reluctantly arrives at the conclusion that there is something in the constitution of her family which is opposed to the employment of stale bread.

One of the most satisfactory ways I know of using pieces of bread is to convert them into poor knights, as they are called.

To make these, beat an egg, mix half a pint of milk with it, and add sugar and flavoring.

Trim the slices of bread neatly. They should be about half an inch thick, but if they are a little thicker it will not signify. Let the bread soak in the milk for awhile, not so long that it will break; take it up and drain it.

Put a good slice of butter or fat into a frying-pan; when hot lay in the pieces of bread, and let them fry until brightly browned on both sides.

Place them on kitchen paper for a minute or two, put two slices together with jam or marmalade between, dish them neatly, sift white sugar on the top, and serve.

Bread thus prepared serves very well as a substitute for a pudding. If liked the jam may be omitted, and the sippets can be eaten with gravy.

Cut the bread into dice a quarter of an inch square. Melt about two ounces of butter or dripping in a frying-pan, and when this is quite hot throw in the dice, and let them fry until a pale brown.

Take them up, drain them on paper, put them on a small dish covered with a folded napkin or fish paper, and they are ready for use.

Many cooks when preparing sippets for soups cut them about half an inch square. They then look inelegant, according to present notions; for it is the fashion nowadays to make things small rather than large. If liked, the bread can be simply toasted instead of being fried: but even then the sippet should be cut small.

Broken bread is excellent for thickening purees and sauces. The bread should be stewed with the flavoring vegetables, and it may then be rubbed through the sieve with them.

If it is toasted before being put into the liquor it will help to impart color as well as consistency to the puree.

Toast and water is a beverage much approved by many. It can be made quite well of broken bread.

Cut the bread very thin, and toast it slowly until it is very crisp and dry throughout, and of a dark-brown color.

Plunge it into a jug of water, let it stand for about half and hour, and then decant it into a water-bottle. The liquor should be clear and bright as sherry.

Toast-milk furnishes a pleasant variety for a child's breakfast or tea. Toast some stale bread, cut it into triangular sippets, and place it in a dish.

Have ready and pour on some hot milk, which has been slightly thickened with cornflour or arrowroot, to make it as thick as cream. Sweeten and serve hot.

Bread-crumbs are needed in every household where fish or cutlets are egged, breaded, and fried, or where stuffing is used for meat or poultry.

As it requires a little time to prepare the crumbs properly, and as, when once ready, they will keep for some time, it is an economy of both time and trouble to keep a store of crumbs on hand.

Take any pieces of bread and dry them thoroughly in a cool oven, but do not allow them to acquire color.

Crush them finely with a rolling-pin, pass them through a fine sieve, and put them away into a tin canister or a dry bottle. If the bread thus dried were allowed to become brown before being crushed and sifted—the crumbs could be used as raspings to garnish ham and bacon.

Bread raspings with cold milk.—I have been told that this preparation is valuable in cases of diarrhœa. Dry stale bread in the oven till dry and lightly browned. Crush it roughly with a rolling-pin, put the crumbs into a bowl, and pour over them cold milk, which has been beaten up with the white of an egg, and it permitted a tablespoonful of brandy. Bread sauce for poultry may also be made of stale bread.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Correspondence.

HARRY, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—You should never argue on any subject, of which you know nothing. It shows ignorance on your part. Your writing is very poor, and can only be improved by practice.

G. L. F., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—1. You ask what is the noblest aim in life. It is to be good, and to do good. 2. The characters most admired in real life are those who do and act as suggested in answer to question 1.

L. M. E., (Montgomery Co., Pa.)—According to your statement, as the first named lady declined to receive your love-like attentions, there is nothing for you to do except to await the action of the other young lady, with whom you say you exchanged vows of love, then kept company with her seven months, and then "dropped her company." She may object to being treated in such a cavalier like manner.

READER, (Bradley, Ark.)—Locomotives have steadily increased in size and power from the date of their introduction, and are now built powerful enough to draw 2,000 tons at a speed of twenty miles an hour. A speed of eighty miles an hour has been attained by locomotives, but "the highest rate of speed compatible with perfect safety that can be made by a steam-engine drawing loaded trains" is a question involving the consideration of the road over which it is to pass, the power of the engine, skill of the engineer, and weight of the load.

THREE, (Kensington, Pa.) — A disagreeable exhibition of jealousy is an indication of selfishness well calculated to mar the happiness of young folks, but may not always prove as heinous a fault when measured by the "Golden rule" as it appears at a glance. You "respect your gentleman friend very highly," and would doubtless feel much annoyed should he devote himself to another lady, so you should consequently be very careful in your intercourse with others—even though "older friends"—not to arouse suspicion which you would not wish him to consider well founded.

LIZZIE, (Freeborn, Minn.)—You must bear in mind that when a young lady has reached the respectable age of twenty-eight she is not apt to have so many offers as a lady ten years younger. Our advice to her is that if she likes the man, and is sure—she must be sure on that point—he likes her, and that his habits and disposition are such that she could live happily with him—let her marry him—she is of age. But even though she is twenty-eight, let her not be too hasty in the matter. Let her ask herself not once nor twenty times—every day, in fact, for the next six months—would I live happier married to so-and-so, knowing as I do that his motives are to some extent "worldly," that as I now am?

F. W. L., (Montcalm, Mich.)—Love is an affection of the mind, excited by beauty and worth of any kind, or by the qualities of an object which communicate pleasure—sensual or intellectual. Love, as between the sexes, has never been satisfactorily explained, though every poet, from Homer down to Swinburne, has tried his hand at it. Love between the sexes is a mystery, and will ever remain such. Most young people have experienced what it is, but we defy one of them to explain it. In some of its manifestations it appears to the beholder as a species of insanity; in others it is still, but deep and strong; in others again, it only makes known its presence by a glance of the eye, a coloring of the face and neck, or by the gentlest pressure of the hand.

VIRCHOW, (Portage, O.)—The books can be obtained through any bookseller. Darwin never expressed any hostility to revealed religion, but was not regarded as a religious man. Darwin's views, like every thing new, were received at first by all classes of thinkers with questionings and debate, as is natural in all such cases. Many sincere Christians think now that Darwin's contributions to human knowledge are of the greatest importance. The great men of scientific note, even when not fully agreeing with all Darwin's conclusions, regard his hypotheses as containing much truth. Tyndal, Huxley, Harvey, and Wallace may be mentioned as teaching a more or less modified Darwinism. He put his conclusion as to the origin of man in pretty plain terms. He says the evidence shows that "man is descended from a hairy, tailed quadruped, probably arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the Old World." He also says that "this creature, if its whole structure had been examined by a naturalist, would have been classed among the Quadrumana, as surely as the still more ancient progenitor of the Old and New World monkeys." The Quadrumana are those animals which have four feet all of which they use as hands, as the monkeys use theirs; a quadruped that is "arboreal in its habits" is one that lives in trees, as monkeys do.

S. C. D., (Worcester, Mass.)—A prominent English doctor says: "The sea-breeze will blow harmlessly, it may be bracingly, upon those whose brain and body are sound; but the nervous and consumptive it harasses to the asylum and the grave. The air that has traversed the sea reaches the shores laden with saline matter, and is bound by the law of its nature to act as an irritant upon the breast and brain of those so afflicted. The country air—the landbreeze—is the antithesis of the sea-breeze, soothing, inducing sleep, and retarding the progress of the disease. The one acts as a balm, the other as a blister. The one tends to lull and calm, the other to excite and irritate, till, in some cases, thought becomes agony. 'The sea-side' has been the death-warrant of many an invalid, to whom 'to the mountains' would have been a respite from death. When a vessel founders at sea, if the boats are not soon picked up, the more weakly and the more nervous portion of the people die delirious, while, were they upon a fresh-water lake, death would steal upon them like sleep. Man is in no respect amphibious; and I rather more than suspect—other things being equal—that the coast will produce two lunatics for the country's one. I know those whom a few weeks' residence at the sea-coast would drive mad. A seaside home for invalids is a monument reared by ignorance to commemorate an egregious blunder." THE POST think there is some little truth and a good deal that is not true in this statement. Doubtless some cases of lung disease and some nervous troubles are not benefited, but rather aggravated, by residence at the seaside. It is not however the sea-air alone that does all the mischief where the results are disadvantageous. The mental effect of the sea and its associations is to certain persons depressing. Still it is by no means the fact that the seaside is injurious to the majority of invalids, or even to those who suffer from lung disease. To many it is most beneficial. Broad statements like that contained in the extract are generally misleading. They cannot possibly be universally, or even generally, accurate.